

JUNGLE ROADS
AND OTHER TRAILS OF
ROOSEVELT

DANIEL HENDERSON

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JUNGLE ROADS
And Other Trails of
ROOSEVELT

"In after years there shall come forever to his mind the memory of endless prairies shimmering in the bright sun; of vast, snow-clad wastes, lying desolate under gray skies; of the melancholy marshes; of the rush of mighty rivers; of the breath of the evergreen forest in summer; of the crooning of ice-armored pines at the touch of the winds of winter; of cataracts roaring between hoary mountain passes; of all the innumerable sights and sounds of the wilderness and of the silences that brood in its still depths."—THEODORE ROOSEVELT in "The Wilderness Hunter."



OUR SPORTSMAN-PRESIDENT

JUNGLE ROADS

And Other Trails of Roosevelt

A Book for Boys

BY

DANIEL HENDERSON

AUTHOR OF

"GREATHEART: THE LIFE STORY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT,"

"LIFE'S MINSTREL: A BOOK OF VERSE"



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DEDICATED TO
THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

INVITATION

HERE are camp-fires, and hunting lodges and soldiers' tents and ranch-houses, and portages through the wilderness, and a Presidential chair.

Here are lions and elephants and grizzlies and buffaloes.

Here are Boy Scouts and prairie children and Oyster Bay youngsters and slum tots and college students and a big-hearted man who loved them all.

Here are trappers and hunters and outlaws and "cops" and boxers and wrestlers and statesmen and rulers.

Here are pet kittens and dogs and ponies and even a pet badger.

Here is love of adventure; woodcraft and fieldcraft; bird and animal lore; a hatred of meanness and cowardice; a love of home and yet a fondness for new and dangerous trails.

Here is a father who not only read to his boys of the pirates of the Spanish Main, but also followed the reading by taking them down to a raft in Oyster Bay to play at pirates with them.

Here is a Dad who not only talked to them of wild beasts, but also led them off on hunting and camping trips.

Here is a man who told his sons:

"Don't flinch; don't foul; hit the line hard!" and

who led a life in which they could see that he practiced what he preached.

Here are the camp-fires of Theodore Roosevelt, and by their light you may see his career. Here are roads that lure boys and girls out into the clean healthful life of the out-of-doors, under the kindest and most helpful of guides. May we reach the end of these trails with a clearer vision, and a nobler aim!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In the preparation of this volume the author has referred to the following books by Theodore Roosevelt:

- "Theodore Roosevelt, an Autobiography",
- "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman",
- "Ranch Life and Hunting Trail",
- "The Rough Riders",
- "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter",
- "African Game Trails",
- "Through the Brazilian Wilderness",
- "The Winning of the West",
- "Fear God and Take Your Own Part,"
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JUNGLE ROADS
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ROOSEVELT

PATHS OF BOYHOOD

I. THE FOLK WHO WENT BEFORE

*"Where nowadays the Battery lies,
New York had just begun,
A newborn babe, to rub its eyes
In sixteen sixty-one.
They christen'd it Nieuw Amsterdam,
These burghers grave and stately,
And so with schnapps and smoke and psalm
Lived out their lives sedately."*

—EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

ONCE upon a time, there was a little boy with a big name—Cornelius Van Schaack Roosevelt. He lived in New York City and went on Sunday with his parents to a little Dutch Reformed Church. On a hot Sabbath, the minister's sermon seemed to be unusually long and dry to the restless youngster. Outside, birds were singing; bees were humming; daisies and buttercups were beckoning; and grunting pigs were wandering about the street. Cornelius saw all this through a window, and before the service was ended, slipped away from his father's grasp and ran down the aisle into the street. His elders looked shocked and whispered that he would doubtless get a spanking when his father found him.

But the worst was to come. As the congregation left the church, clad in their best garments and

walking with the primness and dignity of the churchgoers of early days, the huge boar that had led the drove of pigs dashed among them, and astride its back was—Cornelius!

People predicted that Cornelius would come to a bad end, but instead he grew up to be a distinguished citizen of New York, and Theodore Roosevelt, a boy born many years later, was proud to call him grandfather.

FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE MISSISSIPPI

Another ancestor who Theodore Roosevelt liked to hear about was Nicholas J. Roosevelt. He was born in New York in 1768, and became a friend of Robert Fulton, the inventor of the first steamboat. He helped to introduce the steamboat that proved to be successful on the Hudson, upon western rivers. He built at Pittsburgh, the first steamboat that appeared on the waters of the Mississippi valley.

The wife of Nicholas J. Roosevelt has thus described the first trip made by her husband and herself down the Mississippi, for the purpose of determining whether the proposed steamboat could be navigated:

"The journey in the flat boat commenced at Pittsburgh, where Mr. Roosevelt had it built; a huge box containing a comfortable bedroom, dining room, pantry and a room in front for the crew, with a fireplace where the cooking was done. The top of the boat was flat, with seats and an awning. We had on board a pilot, three hands, and a man cook. We always stopped at night, lashing the boat to the shore. The row boat was a large one, in which Mr. Roosevelt went out continually with two or three men to ascertain the rapidity of the ripple or current."

The people Nicholas Roosevelt met along the river were highly amused when he told them his dream of navigating the river by steamboat, and when, with the aid of Eastern capitalists, he built his boat and started on the journey, the dwellers by the river said: "We see you for the last time. Your boat may go down the river; but, as to coming up it, the very idea is an absurd one."

There appeared an account of the voyage in the Pittsburgh "Navigator," which was printed in 1814. Among other interesting things it said:

"She passes floating wood on the river as you pass objects on land when on a swift trotting horse."

In 1907, when our Theodore had become President, he boarded at Keokuk, Iowa, a stern-wheel steamer of the regular Mississippi type and took a trip down this famous river, covering doubtless part of the same course taken by his brave ancestor. The wharves of the towns the President passed were packed with men, women and children, cheering and waving flags. Writing of the river's history to his son Kermit, the Colonel described the changes that had taken place in the Mississippi. First the buffalo and the elk haunted its densely forested banks; and Indian hunters roved along its banks or paddled up and down its waters in their canoes. Then a French fleet dared its uncharted channels, and French-Canadian explorers darted down it in their canoes. Later came the fur trader to build his shack on its shore; then American pioneers began to people it; then the day of the steamboat came. The spirit of Nicholas Roosevelt must have brooded over the Colonel as he was piloted down the twisting channel.

THE GREAT ANCESTOR

Farther back, however, than either of these two heroes, was The Great Ancestor.

Long, long ago, in 1644, before the Boston tea party, or Paul Revere, or "Old Put," or Betsy Ross were dreamed of by the American colonists, there lived in Holland Klaes Martensen van Roosevelt.

Klaes had friends who had sailed to America in sailing-ships so frail that it was a wonder to timid home-staying folk that they ever came back to port again. However, Klaes had seen some of them return with cargoes of furs and skins gathered from the forests that were then at the very back-door of the village of New Amsterdam—the new world settlement that had been founded by Dutch merchants on the island of Manhattan, and that had been bought from the Indians by Governor Peter Minuit for sixty guilders (24 dollars).

Klaes was told by these friends that more money could be made in ten years spent in New Amsterdam, for all its wildness and lack of comforts, than could be made in Holland in a lifetime. His love for adventure led Klaes to cut loose from his old-world ties, and to sail to this wonderful world where the Indians, he heard, gave to the white people, in exchange for glass beads and other trifles, the most precious furs the wilderness possessed.

Although Klaes found in America the familiar wooden shoes, baggy breeches and windmills that earlier emigrants from Holland had brought with them, he found New Amsterdam even wilder than he had dreamed. Men of every country were gathered there. A score of languages could be heard in the streets.

Indians and Africans mixed with men of Dutch, English, Irish, German, and French descent, and with negroes who had been imported as slaves from the Gold Coast of Africa.

Dutch ladies, undaunted by the wilderness, came over with their husbands. They brought with them rosy-cheeked housemaids, who were promptly courted by Jan or Dirck or Peter, or some other young settler, and who soon married and set up homes of their own.

Mingling with sober honest men of the type of Klaes were criminals from every country of the old world. It took all of the wisdom and courage of the Hollanders who composed the ruling class, to keep order and to advance civilization in the settlement.

Well was it for the new world that Klaes Martensen van Roosevelt became a "settler" in it. From him was to spring a line of descendants who were sturdy, thrifty, useful, God-fearing citizens, and who, besides being good business men, ably filled offices as judges, aldermen, state senators, and Congressmen.

From the time Klaes came over in the steerage of a sailing ship in the seventeenth century, every one of his descendants twas born in Manhattan Island.

II. A BOY OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH

A WAR period is an unpleasant time in which to be born. How can a baby get its sleep when the bugles are blowing outside his or her window, or how can a mother protect it when the guns are thundering, or perhaps throwing shells upon one's roof?

Theodore Roosevelt was not born in actual war times, but the period was the next thing to it. The seeds of Civil strife had already been sown. The North and South had been gradually dividing over the Slavery question, and while it might have been settled by peaceable means, it at last reached a stage where war was certain.

On the election of Abraham Lincoln, the South decided to stand by its principle of slavery and self-government to the extent of withdrawing from the Union. The North determined that slavery should not exist and that the nation should not be divided. The South, at Fort Sumter, fired the first gun, and the terrible four years' conflict was begun.

The nation was torn asunder by the strife, and the shadow of war even crept across the Roosevelt threshold, for while Theodore's father was a Northerner and a strong supporter of the Union cause, the mother of the boy had been born in Georgia. Naturally her heart turned in sympathy to her relatives whose fortunes were wrapped up in the Confederate banner.

Mrs. Roosevelt, to use Colonel Roosevelt's own words, "was a sweet, gracious, beautiful Southern

woman, a delightful companion and loved by everybody." Her ancestors in the past had rendered notable service to the Union. One of her grandfathers had been a Major in the Mexican War, and her great-grandfather, Archibald Bulloch, was the first Governor of Georgia. The homes of her kinsmen and friends were situated on the route of Sherman's march to the sea, and there were good reasons for her anxiety concerning them.

One can imagine Theodore, perched upon his father's shoulder, watching the New York regiments marching away to battle. All the boy saw was the beautiful flags and prancing horses and bright bayonets; all he heard was the stirring music. Yet there was to come a time when he would realize what a grim and dreadful business war was, only to be resorted to when all other means of preserving right and liberty fail.

Theodore's father took good care that his wife should be shielded and comforted in these days. It happened that Ted at this time resented a punishment his mother had given him. In revenge he shouted a prayer for the success of the Union cause. His mother loved fun, and this prank of her son made her laugh to herself. Yet, to subdue the boy, she told him that she would ask his father to punish him if he repeated it. Theodore knew how his father stood on such matters and he never again tried to vex his mother in this way.

He feared his father, yet it was a fear inspired not by punishment but by love and respect. His father was of the tenderest nature. His children remembered having seen him bring home in the pocket of his great-coat a lost kitten which he had found in the street.

Fortunate is the man who, when he dies, can have his son say of him what Theodore said of his father:

"He was the best man I ever knew. He combined strength and courage with gentleness, tenderness and great unselfishness. He would not tolerate in us children selfishness or cruelty, idleness, cowardice, or untruthfulness. As we grew older he made us understand that the same standard of clean living was demanded for the boys as for the girls; that what was wrong in a woman could not be right in a man."

The war work of Mr. Roosevelt kept him away from home a great part of the time. His wife, on the other hand, with a great pretense at secrecy, used to send boxes packed with food and comforts to relatives in the Confederate army. Theodore, loyal as he was to his father's cause, showed his impartiality by helping, as far as a child could, to pack these secret cases.

THE BLOCKADE RUNNERS

At last General Lee surrendered, and the bitter war was over. Then who should come to the house on East Twentieth Street, but his mother's eldest brother, James Dunwoody Bulloch, who had been a Captain in the Confederate Navy. He at once obtained a place in the affections of the Roosevelt children, who called him Uncle Jimmy. Uncle Jimmy had been in the Navy of the United States; but when war broke out he was in the Merchant Marine. His ship, the *Bienville*, was then in Southern waters, but Uncle Jimmy's sense of honor required him to deliver the vessel to her Northern owners. This done, he offered his services to the

Confederacy, was commissioned a captain and sent to England to buy arms. He ran the blockade successfully, and then went back to England to build and equip vessels for the Southern government.

It is perhaps worth while to look into the career of Uncle Jimmy, to see just what damage he did to the Navy his nephew was to help put into fighting condition for the conflict with Spain.

The Confederate Government, having been unable to build warships in Southern ports, decided to procure them in Europe. The British held that it was lawful to build ships in their harbors, if they were not equipped with guns, ammunition, and a full crew. It was part of Uncle Jimmy's duty to see that the ships were built, and then to arrange that another ship bearing the necessary men and guns should meet it outside of British territory. When the ships met, the new vessel was fitted out, and became at once a Confederate man-of-war.

The first ship built in this way in England was the Florida. She sailed from England without guns, and received part of her battery in the Bahamas, but needed more equipment, as well as a crew to replace her sick men. Her captain decided to try to obtain these at Mobile. On the way to Mobile, the Florida sighted the blockading squadron of the Federal Government; but, under the guise of an English vessel, she succeeded in running the blockade. After a four months' stay in Mobile, the Florida, taking advantage of a dark night, slipped out of the harbor, past the blockading fleet of seven ships, and in the next ten days captured and burned three merchant vessels. She reached Barbados, took on coal, and started out on a cruise in

which she captured and destroyed fourteen prizes. She then crossed the ocean and put in the harbor of Bahia, where lay the United States sloop-of-war Wachusett. Captain Collins of the Wachusett attacked, and forced her to surrender.

The second cruiser built in England for the Confederates by Uncle Jimmy, was the famous Alabama. The United States knew that this vessel was being built and protested to Great Britain that the ship was intended to make war on the Union, and urged that she be seized, but while the authorities at Liverpool were considering the matter, the Alabama, without guns, left Liverpool, supposedly on a trial trip.

She never returned, but sailed instead to the Azores, where the bark Agrippina of London brought her guns, ammunition, stores and coal. With a crew composed mostly of Liverpool men, her commander Semmes started on a cruise in the North Atlantic and in two months captured and destroyed twenty merchant vessels, bearing cargoes to the United States. Off Galveston, the United States warship Hatteras pursued the Alabama and came to close quarters with her. The Alabama let loose a broadside, which the Hatteras, on account of the position of the Alabama, was unable to return. Blake, the commander of the Hatteras, fought gallantly, but his ship was sinking under him, and he surrendered.

The Alabama continued her destructive cruise, sinking over a dozen vessels. At last she was pursued into the Indian Ocean, and then, sailing from the Cape of Good Hope to Cherbourg, she was found at the latter port by the United States sloop-of-war Kear-

sarge. The Kearsarge took a position outside the harbor, and waited for the Alabama to come out.

The vessels were evenly matched and Semmes, instead of trying to escape by night, decided to give battle to the Kearsarge.

On a Sunday morning, the Alabama came out of the harbor. Semmes had made public his intention to engage the Kearsarge, and the shores were lined with people. The Kearsarge withdrew until she was seven miles from land, to prevent the Alabama seeking refuge in neutral limits, and then steered for her enemy. The Alabama fired three broadsides at the approaching Kearsarge. The latter returned the fire with her starboard battery and then sought to pass to the sternward of the Alabama, in order to rake her with her guns. The Confederate ship thwarted this attempt and the Kearsarge continued to circle, endeavoring to close and rake. After the battle had continued for an hour, the side of the Alabama was torn by shells and her decks were covered with killed and wounded. She ceased firing and headed for the shore. The Kearsarge overtook her and Semmes, unable to reach neutral water, struck his flag and surrendered. Twenty minutes later the Alabama sank.

Forty men were killed and wounded on the Confederate vessel, but on the Kearsarge there were only three wounded and none killed. Semmes claimed that the Kearsarge was an ironclad that had disguised herself as a wooden vessel to lure his unarmored ship into battle, but it was shown that the Kearsarge's manner of fighting had been fair throughout.

Thus ended the career of the Alabama, which did so much damage to shipping that Great Britain, for hav-

ing allowed her to be built in an English port, was forced by arbitration to pay \$15,000,000 after the war.

When the damage done by these and other Confederate ships procured by Uncle Jimmy is considered, it is no wonder that when he entered Union territory after the war, he had to come in disguise.

With Uncle Jimmy came Mrs. Roosevelt's younger brother Irvine, who had been a midshipman upon the Alabama, and who fired the last shot before she sank. Uncle Jimmy and Uncle Irvine proved to be free from bitterness toward the Union cause, and in all their talks about the war were open-minded and generous. This soon put them on common ground with those of the Roosevelt family who had fought for the North, and Theodore and the other children, listening to the adventures of the two sea-dogs, felt that for all of the sorrowful things they had heard about the war, there had also been a tremendous lot of romance in it. When Theodore came to manhood and wrote the story of his own career, he wrote of Uncle Jimmy that he was "the nearest approach to Colonel Newcome of any man I ever met in actual life." To his friend, Dr. Iglehart, he said: "From my earliest recollection I have been fed on tales of the sea and of ships. My mother's brother was an admiral in the Confederate Navy and her deep interest in the Southern cause, and her brother's calling led her to talk to me as a little shaver about ships, ships, ships, till they sank into the depths of my soul!"

It is this blend of the North and South in Theodore's blood that made him a President of the entire country when he grew up, and as our story proceeds

we will see how he stretched out his arms to the great West and became its representative too.

"Conie," who became in the course of years Mrs. Douglas Robinson, has given the world in addresses here and there, her interesting recollections of Theodore's boyhood. She refers to him as her "loving, sunshiny" brother.

She describes him, when he was about six, as a little solemn boy who when a visitor came to the house, would study him carefully, and would, if he liked the caller's looks, suggest that he be invited to sit in the "castle" chair, a great carved chair which, Theodore suggested to the other children, must have come from some queer old castle.

The young naturalist met with a grievous loss, we are told by his biographer William Roscoe Thayer, when his mother threw away a litter of white mice.

He complained to her bitterly that she has caused a "loss to Science!"

On another occasion, Mr. Thayer relates, when Theodore and a cousin had filled their pockets with specimens, they found two toads of a strange variety and put them into their hats for safekeeping. As they were walking homeward they met Mrs. Hamilton Fish, and tipped their hats like little gentlemen. The polite deed proved to be a boon for the toads, for they sprang from their prisons in the boys' hair and hopped away.

One day, when Theodore was about five years old, he bit one of his sisters. He knew that he had done a terrible thing the minute his little teeth sunk into her sleeve. He knew it first by her outcry, but he was made more sure of it when he heard his father seek-

ing him. He ran from the yard into the kitchen, seeking shelter with the warm-hearted Irish cook, who time and again had taken his part. In passing her, he seized a handful of dough, and then crawled under the kitchen table, where he lay concealed by her ample skirts.

Theodore's father entered the kitchen. He knew the cook was disposed to shield Theodore, and he demanded that she tell him where the boy was hiding. She kept silent, but she could not resist casting a look under the table. Mr. Roosevelt's eyes followed her glance, and the secret was out. Dropping on the floor, he scrambled after Theodore. The boy, in a last despairing attempt to escape punishment, heaved the dough at his father, slipped out from the other end of the table, and made for the stairs. Half-way up them he was caught—and licked!

THEODORE'S FIRST VICTORY

"He was puny and pale and seldom well," said Mrs. Robinson. When he was nine, his father, troubled about the boy's health, built a porch room, open to the air, and fitted it out as a gymnasium. Here, feebly at first, he began to build himself into a man of iron endurance.

"'My boy,' were the father's words to Theodore, 'you've the brains, but without a strong body your mind can't do anything. Here are the tools: now will you build yourself?'"

"Then," Mrs. Robinson went on, "my brother looked at the room, and that determined look came into his eyes; that look which evil politicians came to know later, and he said:

"*I will make my body!*"

The fight for health was a long and slow one. Many days Theodore had to stay in bed.

It was then that the love of children for him proved itself. They would gather round the bed and he would launch out into tales that were full of fights with giants and wild beasts.

Fascinating as was 28 East 20th Street, there were other places that lured the boys and girls. Next door, at No. 26, lived their Uncle Robert, who was devoted to pets, and had parrots, peacocks and even a monkey with which to entertain his nephews and nieces.

Then too, at the home of their paternal grandfather at Fourteenth Street and Broadway, fronting Union Square, there was a big circular staircase, running down from the top floor, which had a huge fascination.

An absorbing place was the shop of Mr. Bell, the taxidermist, a cranny which the boy afterwards described as being "Somewhat on the order of Mr. Venus's shop in 'Our Mutual Friend.'" The owner, "a tall, clean-shaven, white-haired old gentleman, as straight as an Indian," used to be a companion of Audubon's, the famous bird-lover. Theodore was becoming more and more of a naturalist and to his delight was allowed to take lessons from Mr. Bell.

At one private school Theodore attended a lazy schoolmate said to him:

"Ted, you're a fool!"

"What do you mean?" Ted asked.

"I mean you're not able to come to school! Your eyes are weak, and you'll put them out and be blind. Your father is rich and you don't have to go to school. My father is rich and I expect to make the teacher

expel me. I was expelled from school in Albany, and they'll do it here. I'm simply not going to school." By this time Ted had risen to his feet.

"I may put my eyes out," he said, "I am going to be educated—I am going to be educated!"

III. THEODORE DISCOVERS EUROPE

TWO boys stood on the deck of the Atlantic steamship "Scotia." One was a tall, thin, bright-eyed lad of ten. The sky-scrapers of Manhattan, which had gleamed like fairy towers, had now faded away. The shore lines were lost in haze. Nothing was to be seen but ships and water.

"I guess there ought to be a good many fish here!" the tall youngster said. "George, get me a small rope from somewhere, and we'll play a fishing game."

George went. There was something commanding in the speaker's tone, no matter if his words were accompanied by a friendly grin. Back came George with the line. Other boys came with him. The thin lad took the rope and climbed on top of a coiled cable.

"Now," he said, "all you fellows lie down flat on the deck here, and make believe to swim around like fishes. I'll throw one end of the line down to you, and the first fellow that catches hold of it is a fish that has bit my hook. He must just pull as hard as he can, and if he pulls me down off this coil of rope, why, then he will be the fisherman and I will be a fish. But if he lets go, or if I pull him up here off the deck, why I will still be the fisherman. The game is to see how many fish each of us can land up here. The one who catches the most fish wins."

The other boys lay flat and made believe to swim; their leader, standing above them on the coiled cable, threw down one end of his line—a thin but strong rope. There

was a scramble to be the first fish to grasp the line—and when a certain boy caught it, there began a mighty struggle. It seemed to be much easier for the fish to pull the fisherman down than for the fisherman to haul up the dead weight of a pretty heavy boy lying flat on the deck below him. The boy who was fishing braced his feet on the coiled cable, stiffened his back, shut his teeth hard, and wound his end of the line around his waist, trying by sheer muscle to pull the fish up. Soon he found it was hard work to lift up a boy as heavy as himself.

An idea came to him. He pulled less and less, and at last ceased trying to pull at all. The fish thought that the fisherman was tired out, and commenced to pull, hoping to draw the fisherman down to the deck. He did not succeed at first, and pulled all the harder. He rolled over on his back, then on his side, then sat up, all the time pulling and twisting and yanking at the line in every possible way, and that was just what the fisherman hoped the fish would do.

Before very long the fish was so out of breath that he couldn't pull any longer. Besides, the thin rope had cut his hands and made them sore. Then the fisherman commenced slowly and steadily to pull on the line, and in a very few minutes the fish had been hauled up alongside of him on the coil of cable.

The fisherman was Theodore Roosevelt, then being taken by his parents on his first trip across the Atlantic. The boy who told the story of Theodore's pranks aboard ship was George Cromwell, who brought the rope to Theodore, and whose brother played the part of the fish. In recalling his experiences, Mr. Cromwell wrote:

"Even then he was a leader—a masterful, commanding little fellow—who seemed to have a peculiar quality of his own of making his playmates obey him, not at all because we were afraid, but because we wanted to, and somehow felt sure we would have a good time and get lots of fun if we did as he said."

There were three other Roosevelt children, Anna, Elliott and Corinne. Anna, whom the children called "Bamie," was three years older than Theodore. Elliott, called "Ellie," was one year younger, while Corinne, termed "Conie," was three years younger.

The children with the exception of "Bamie," who stayed close to her parents, were almost too young then to realize that behind every ruined castle was a background of history. Instead then, of boring themselves with ruins, guide books and picture galleries, "Ellie" and "Conie" and "Ted" searched for museums that contained stuffed birds or skeletons, and perhaps shocked the solemn custodians by romping among the tomb-stones of the great dead. They dived into little shops for crackers and rock candy, and conducted themselves just as if they were at home in New York City, instead of being exiled in a land of cross chambermaids and strange languages.

Theodore's devotion to his parents and their tender care for him is revealed by the diary he kept. On one day he wrote:

"In the night I had a nightmare dreaming that the devil was carrying me away and had collerer morbos but mama patted me with her delicate fingers."

Concerning Oxford he scrawled:

"We drove around it and saw some colages."

Of another day's events he wrote:

"Papa and I went for a long roam through the wood and had Sunday school in them."

Further on, describing his homesickness, he wrote:

"Papa and mama both tried to make me have a sociable time."

Theodore, however, had a warm spot in his heart for more than the members of his family. Edith Carow, the little playmate he had left behind in Union Square, was receiving notes from him that told more about his longing for home than Westminster Abbey or Waterloo, or the palaces and picture galleries he was dragged through. In his diary is this sentence:

"In the evening mama showed me the portrait of Edith Carow and her face stirred up in me homesickness and longings for the past which will come again never aback never."

However, the period of exile was near its end. In May, 1870, the Roosevelts returned to the United States.

THE SECOND VOYAGE

Theodore, at fourteen, was far more eager to tour the world than when he went on the first trip. He, along with his sisters and brother, had begun to realize what a romantic place the old world really was, and all the children were overjoyed when their father, in the year 1873, announced that he had been appointed by the Government to go as a commissioner of the United States to the World's Exposition at Vienna.

The main purpose of the father in going abroad was to benefit the health of Theodore, whose lungs were still weak from the asthma which had attacked and

clung to him through his childhood. As on the first trip, the whole family went along—"one for all and all for one" was a habit with the Roosevelts.

The parents decided to winter in Egypt and then to proceed by easy stages to Vienna, timing their travels so as to arrive in the latter city during the time of the Exposition.

In the beginning of the winter of 1872, the Roosevelts sailed to Alexandria, the chief seaport of Egypt, the city founded at the mouth of the Nile by Alexander the Great. The children went with wide-open eyes through the city's crooked and narrow streets, peering into mosques, staring at the palaces of the wealthy Turks—fascinated by these first glimpses of the Orient.

To a boy like Theodore, who possessed a taste for history and a love of the romantic, the history of Alexandria, which, when it flourished under the Ptolemies, was only surpassed in splendor by Rome and Antioch, must have been appealing. The conflicts of Christians and heathen, which time and again drenched the streets of Alexandria in blood; the city's conquest by the Turks; its great library, which in early times was said to contain 700,000 volumes, were things to arouse his active fancy.

The family next traveled through the Holy Land and part of Syria; then Greece and Constantinople were visited. If Alexandria and Cairo and Constantinople, were interesting, vastly more so was Jerusalem, with its historic background on which was woven the figures of David and Solomon, of Christ and his disciples, of Peter the Hermit and his child crusaders, of the brave knight Godfrey de Bouillon, who with his knights wrested the city from the Moslems, and of all

the other noble or ignoble personages whose lives had been linked with the sacred city.

Theodore, however, had other things to engage his attention besides visiting historic places and listening to historic tales. He was now deeply engrossed in the study of wild life. His pet scheme, "The Roosevelt Museum of Natural History," was well under way when this second European trip was proposed, and one of the inducements held out to Theodore for making the trip was the chance to gather new specimens for his collection of bugs and animals and birds.

The young naturalist rode a donkey on most of his travels in Egypt and The Holy Land, and the vim with which he drove his mount in pursuit of specimens was exciting to his family and amusing to his guides.

Theodore's first real collection of natural history specimens was done on this journey. He had learned a good deal about American bird life, but about the birds of Egypt he knew nothing. In Cairo, however, he obtained a book by an English clergyman that described a trip the minister had made up the Nile, and which contained a list of his bird collection. Whenever Theodore discovered a new bird, the book was at once consulted. So diligent was he that he obtained a collection far more valuable than that gathered by the usual boy.

For the other members of the Roosevelt family, Theodore's devotion to science was far from an unmixed pleasure. Elliott, for one, openly rebelled against the discomforts forced upon him by his younger brother's pursuits.

"I want a room to myself; away from Theodore!" he said to his father.

"Why do you wish it?" his father asked.

"Just look at the condition of our room, and you will see!" Elliott replied.

An inspection of the room showed that the boy had good ground for complaining. Skins and bottles and various other repelling tools and materials were scattered about the room, and the odor to anyone who did not possess a naturalist's strong stomach was, to say the least, disagreeable. Elliott secured relief, but not at the sacrifice of his younger brother's pursuits. Theodore's father decided that his tastes should not be suppressed, however much of a mess he made. The collecting and mounting went on.

When the Roosevelts went from Algiers to Dresden, Corinne, Elliott and Theodore were left in the latter city. On the recommendation of the American consul, they were placed under the care of Dr. Minckwitz, an alderman who had been a revolutionist of 1848 and had been imprisoned for his efforts in behalf of German liberty. One of the host's sons, a student at the University of Leipzig, was known as the "Red Duke"; the other son was called "Sir Rhinoceros" because the tip of his nose had been cut off in a duel and sewed on again. The daughter Anna acted as tutor to the children.

A friendly old painter and author named Wegener taught Theodore to draw. The old man took him on frequent walks in the country surrounding Dresden, helping him to observe the life and habits of birds and animals. Perhaps it is to his influence that we owe

the clever sketches with which Theodore, in later life, illustrated his letters to his children.

Theodore's zeal as a collector led him into trouble here as everywhere else. One day he brought into the Minckwitz kitchen a dead mole and a dead marmot, and, in order to secure their skeletons, asked permission of Miss Minckwitz to boil them in one of her kettles. The horrified lady refused. Nothing daunted, Theodore built outside an oven of brick and finished his task.

Later, Mrs. Roosevelt came to gather up her flock and take them on a journey through Switzerland. Miss Minckwitz accompanied them. Here mountain-climbing strengthened Theodore's lungs and helped him to develop his muscles.

At Samaden, a place they visited, Theodore threw some of his clothes out of his trunk to make room for a huge lot of stones he had collected. Mrs. Roosevelt's attention was called to this by a servant, and she ordered Theodore to throw away the stones and replace the clothes in the trunk. He obeyed, but his distracted mother next saw him cramming into his pockets all of the stones they could hold.

IV. VACATION ADVENTURES

*Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.*

*Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.*

*Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me!*

*Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me."*

—A Boy's Song, by JAMES HOGG.

WHEN spring time came the only place for these romping boys and girls was the open country—the pebbly shore, the thick woods, the fields thick with daisies. In the country were awaiting all of the pets forbidden in a city house; cats, dogs, rabbits, a coon, and "General Grant," a Shetland pony. The children went barefoot, and played at Indians by staining themselves with pokeberry juice and by building wigwams in the woods. The boys also hunted bullfrogs successfully and chased woodchucks with less luck. Ted was

always outdoors, climbing trees and studying bird life. He went about with queer things alive in his pockets. Sometimes it was a snake!

The father would ride out in the afternoon by train from his business in the city. He was fond of four-in-hand driving and he would be met by Mrs. Roosevelt and one or two of the children. Into the phaeton he would jump, and away they would go, the horses galloping, the wagon rocking, the youngsters cheering.

One of Theodore's playmates was John W. McNichols, of Dobbs Ferry, New York, from whom Dr. F. C. Iglehart, author of "Theodore Roosevelt, The Man as I Knew Him," drew a story that illuminates one phase of Theodore's boyhood. Johnnie McNichols became acquainted with Theodore when the latter's father bought the Paton residence at Dobbs Ferry in the summer of 1872. Johnnie's father was engaged in the fascinating trade of blacksmith, and Johnnie spent all his spare hours around the forge. One day Johnnie heard that the Paton Place had been sold, and that the owner drove four-in-hand and owned twenty-two horses. There were three ponies among the string of horses. One belonged to Theodore. The Roosevelt coachman brought the ponies to the blacksmith to be shod. Theodore came down to ride his pony home. Johnnie was invited to ride one of the other ponies. Thus the friendship began. Johnnie was about thirteen and Theodore was a year older.

On another day Johnnie's uncle sent him to bring one of the ponies to the smithy. On his way up, Johnnie came to a big pond. Someone called him. He looked out and saw Theodore in a skiff, rowing toward him.

"Get in, Johnnie!" cried Theodore.

"Don't care if I do!" Johnnie said.

"Want to row?" Theodore asked.

"Don't mind if I do!" said the other.

Johnnie took the oar. Theodore sat in the stern. He was bare-foot. He dragged his toes in the water as Johnnie rowed. "My feet will be your rudder!" he cried.

Up a little stream that flowed into the pond was a spring of cool water. The sun was hot and the boys grew thirsty. Johnnie had a cocoanut shell. He sawed it in half, and marked one "T. R.," scratching his own initials on the other. This was possibly the first step toward making the initials "T. R." world-famous. How sweet and cool the water tasted out of nature's own cups!

The two used the skiff many times after this occasion. They swam often in the pond, and sometimes slipped down to a beach near an old livery stable and dived into the Hudson River.

One day, paddling around the pond in his skiff, Ted saw two neighbors driving down the road and decided to play a trick on them. He stood up in the boat, pretended to take a misstep, and turned the boat upside down. Under the water he went. The neighbors ran to the shore and made ready to dive in after him. Suddenly they heard a laugh, and looked out to see Theodore's head bobbing at them from the far side of the upturned skiff. It is recorded that they laughed, but, one feels that if the story reached the ears of the young joker's parents he must have received a licking.

Another prank played by Theodore was funnier and less serious. One morning, Theodore rode down with

his father to the railroad depot. The coachman drove them. On the way back they met Johnnie and gave him a ride.

When they came near the Roosevelt residence, Theodore persuaded the good-natured coachman to stop the horse and lend him his hat and coat. Theodore buttoned the coat, and donned the high hat.

"I want you to play footman!" he said to Johnnie.

"Ted," Johnnie said, "I got this old hickory shirt on and this little straw hat. Your mother will get on to us."

"Do what I tell you to do, Johnnie," Theodore pleaded, "you are my footman today!"

Up to the front of the house the two youngsters drove. A servant girl was sweeping off the porch.

"Is Mrs. Roosevelt in?" Theodore asked in dignified tones.

"Yes," the girl said.

"Go ask her to come out and take a ride, I am ready. Tell her if she does not come out now she can not have any ride at all today."

Theodore's mother at an upstairs window, overheard.

"Who is that person calling for me?" she asked.

The girl said: "I'm not sure, but I think it is Mr. Theodore."

Seeing that the game was up, Theodore drove the horse to the stable, but was cheered to hear the girl say:

"Well, whoever it is that is about the finest-looking rig that has come to this house this summer."

Many years later, Theodore was Governor of New York State and Johnnie was the Dobbs Ferry blacksmith. Through the village, to a camp at Peekskill,

Roosevelt rode with his brilliant staff. Outside of the smithy he saw a big flag hanging. Beneath it stood the blacksmith. Up rode the Governor and grasped McNichol's hand.

"John," he said, "I remember you well. We had good times the summer we were boys together."

Later, when Roosevelt became President, McNichol stopped horseshoeing long enough to write his former playmate a letter of congratulation. In reply came a personal letter from the President forwarding his photograph.

Then John took a piece of the finest steel he could secure; hammered it on his own anvil into a horseshoe; plated it thickly with gold; inscribed on it the names of Roosevelt and himself, with a date, and sent it to the President. The latter wrote back that he would treasure the horseshoe as long as he lived.

V. THE FIRST WILDERNESS TRAIL

*"Who hath smelt wood smoke at twilight? Who hath heard the
birch-log burning?*

Who is quick to read the noises of the night?

*Let him follow with the others, for the young men's feet are
turning*

To the camps of proved desire and known delight!"

—KIPLING.

IN Aroostook County, Maine, lived Bill Sewall, a bearded, kindly-faced warm-hearted trapper, as tall as a Maine fir tree. He, and his father before him, had acted as guides for hunters and fishermen from the cities, and Bill's hunting lodge at Island Falls was and is a place full of romance and mystery and adventure for sportsmen.

W. Emlen Roosevelt and J. West Roosevelt, cousins of Theodore, belonged to the fortunate circle whom Bill had led on hunting and fishing trips through the Maine forests. In the summer of 1877 they came again and brought Theodore with them. Theodore then was eighteen. He was now a freshman at Harvard, and his health had been run down by the work he had done in preparing to enter college.

Arthur Cutler, the tutor who had trained Theodore for the university, was one of the party. Bill shook his head over Theodore when he first met him, and agreed with Arthur Cutler when the latter advised him that he must be especially careful not to take Theodore on hard journeys.

"Don't take him on such tramps as you take yourself," warned Cutler, "he couldn't stand it. But he wouldn't let you know that for a minute. He'd go till he dropped rather than admit it. You must watch him carefully."

"He took a lot of watching," Bill said. "Yes, a lot of watching. He'd never quit. I remember the time we set out from my place up at Island Falls to climb Mount Katahdin. That's the tallest mountain we have in Maine. We were crossing Wassacataquoik Creek. The current is very swift there. Somehow Theodore lost one of his shoes. Away it went downstream. All he had with him to take the place of shoes was a pair of thin-skinned moccasins. The stones and crags on the way up cut his feet into tatters. But he kept on, with never a murmur of complaint. That's a little thing, perhaps; but he was that way in all things—always."

Bill took a fancy to Theodore from the start. "Within a week," he said, "I made up my mind that he was different from anybody that I had ever seen. He seemed to have more general information than any young fellow I had ever met."

Bill taught Theodore how to use the rifle—in many a hunting adventure in later years Theodore had Sewall to thank for teaching him how to handle his gun. This was Theodore's first long trip as a hunter, but he had slain his first deer long before. When he was fifteen his brother, his cousin and himself camped out for the first time in their lives on the shores of Lake St. Regis. The other two boys went fishing. Roosevelt went off on a deer hunt. With him went the two guides, Hank Martin and Mose Sawyer. The first

day of the hunt he not only did not kill a deer—he failed to see one that stood within range; and on the way home, shot in mistake for one a large owl that was perched on a log.

The next day, goaded by the teasing of his camp-mates, he started out again. This time he had better luck. As his canoe swung out from between forest-lined banks into a little bay, he saw, knee-deep among the water lilies that fringed the shore, a yearling buck. His first shot killed him.

Theodore's first trip with Bill Sewall was during the closed season for big game hunting and the party contented themselves with bagging partridges and duck. Theodore, however, went back to the camp twice a year while he was at college and on these later trips he came within range of deer and bear and moose. One summer Bill and he took a trip clear to the headquarters of the Aroostook, where the moose were plentiful.

The youth did not shrink from the rigors of the winters of the north woods. When the fierce winds and deep snows descended on Bill's camp, and when the summer sportsman was hugging his club-fire in the city, Theodore was snowshoeing with Bill and sharing in the life of the logging camps. Among the loggers he met with rough, bluff, simple fellows, and his companionship with Bill and these men gave him an insight into the life of that great body of Americans who earned their living by hard toil, but in whose spirits were those principles of democracy and justice and right living that have been the backbone of America since the beginning. In his college and home life there was the natural temptation to easy living

that wealth brings. This was offset by the common sense of his parents and his own simple ideals, but his contact with these close-to-earth trappers and loggers, and later with the western plainsmen, kept him close to the heart of the common people.

Theodore knew how to keep his mouth shut when things were being discussed of which he had no knowledge, but yet if a thing was said that went contrary to his idea of what was right, he was not slow to express an opinion. Sewall said:

"He wanted everything done out in the open. I remember hearing one of our Aroostook men say one day, that he always treated every man as a rascal till he found out he was honest. Theodore took him up at once, and told him that was a very narrow view,—a poor encouragement for the other fellow. He said that he went the other way about—and regarded every man as an honest man until he was convinced otherwise."

Sewall's friendship to the youth he guided through the Maine woods was to be richly repaid during the coming years, though Bill had no thought of that. James Morgan describes how, when Roosevelt as President, was touring the state of Maine, he inquired repeatedly at Bangor if anyone had seen his friend Bill in town.

At last, after he had sent the chief of police to hunt for Bill, the member of Congress called:

"Mr. President, here is an old friend of yours!"

Roosevelt turned and saw Bill Sewall. The President almost hugged the old backwoodsman, telling him again and again how pleased he was that he had come.

"You're no gladder than I be," said Bill.

"Aren't you glad you came?" the President asked later as Bill rode in the procession and was greeted with shouts of "Hello, Bill!"

"I was glad I came before I left home," was Bill's unexpected reply.

After Bill had taken the train for home the President praised his simplicity.

"He would like me just as well if I didn't have \$10!" he said.

Later, Bill and his wife were with Roosevelt out west. They were also special guests at the White House and were shown through the Capitol, not by one of the official guides, but by Senator Lodge. The crowning honor paid by the President to Bill was to make him Collector of Customs for his district. Before these things happened, however, the old guide and the youth were destined to spend years in each other's company on the cattle plains of Dakota, and this story will soon take up their stirring adventures in these wild lands.

A KNIGHT ERRANT OF POLITICS

VI. AT HARVARD

A THIN, pale young man, wearing the side-whiskers that were in vogue among college men in the time of which I write, boarded a street-car in Boston, bound for Cambridge. Under his arm he carried a basket. As the car bumped along he fell into deep thought, and the basket between his feet was forgotten. Suddenly the woman next to the young man leaped from her seat with a scream. A panic seized the rest of the women in the car. The young man sprang to his feet. Then he glanced with near-sighted eyes at the floor of the car. "I beg your pardon," he stammered, "I should have watched my basket more carefully." He stooped down and scrambled to restore to their prison the live lobsters he had been carrying.

The young man was Theodore Roosevelt, then a Harvard student. He had brought his love of wild things to college with him. The lobsters were intended for laboratory use. Live turtles and crawling bugs formed part of the atmosphere of his study. One day a large turtle sent to him by a friend in the tropics, created a turmoil by escaping from its box and starting on a quest for water.

It was his fondness for toads and snakes that led the men in his class to regard him more as headed for the presidency of the Smithsonian Institution than for the

Presidency of the United States. And indeed, when Roosevelt himself was asked about his plans at this time, he said he wanted to be nothing more than a professor of natural science. When a freshman his father had promised to leave him enough money so that he could follow the profession of a naturalist, but said that he would have to earn a salary as a professor to supplement his income.

During the four years of his course, Roosevelt lived simply. Instead of renting an expensive suite, as his means would have allowed, he occupied two plainly-furnished rooms in a private house, then No. 16, now No. 88 Winthrop Street. The large front room he used as his study, and the rear one as his bedroom. His rifle and hunting outfit, stuffed birds, and the skins and horns of animals he had killed in the chase, were part of the furniture of the room. He was not free from the fads the average college youth indulges in. He owned a fast horse and drove also a sporting trap. There was a photograph of him taken at that period which shows him wearing sideboard whiskers which resembled powder puffs. His comrades ridiculed these but he held to them bravely.

Roosevelt had the ability to devote his mind to whatever task was before him. If he was reading, no matter what was happening around him, he kept his mind intent on his reading to the exclusion of all else.

As a speaker his future success was in doubt. His classmates, delighted with their comrade's floundering way of speaking, often started a discussion for the sole purpose of seeing him aroused. He would grow so excited at times that he almost lost the power to

talk—his speech became slow and halting and sometimes stopped entirely.

Roosevelt describes his college activities in these words:

"By the time I entered Harvard I was able to take part in whatever sports I liked. I wrestled and sparred and ran a good deal during my four years in Cambridge, and though I never came out first I got more good out of the exercise than those who did, because I immensely enjoyed it and never injured myself.

"I was very fond of wrestling and boxing. I think I was a good deal of a wrestler and though I never won a championship, yet more than once I won my trial heats and got into the final round."

The fact that Roosevelt devoted part of his time to boxing at Harvard does not mean that the brutal side of the sport attracted him, but that instead he looked upon it as part of his life's needs to know how to defend himself. This was impressed upon him early in life.

When he was fourteen, he went alone on a trip to Moosehead Lake. On the way he met two bullying boys of his own age who tried to make life miserable for him. He tried to lick them, but found that either one singly was more than a match for him.

He made up his mind that he should not again be left at the mercy of stronger lads, and resolved to learn how to defend himself. With his father's approval, he started to learn boxing.

John Long, an ex-prize-fighter, whose rooms were ornamented with vivid pictures of ring champions and battles, was his first trainer. He was knocked about

for a long time, and showed no fighting quality except the power to take punishment. Then Long arranged a series of amateur lightweight matches and Theodore entered in them.

His opponents were no more skillful than he. He emerged from the contests the possessor of the prize cup for his class—a pewter mug worth about fifty cents, yet a possession valued beyond price.

Harry Beech Needham thus pictures Roosevelt in a boxing match at college:

“It was a bout to decide the lightweight championship of Harvard. The heavyweight and middleweight championships had been awarded. The contest for the men under 140 pounds was on. Roosevelt, then a junior, had defeated seven men. A senior had as many victories to his credit. They were pitted against each other in the finals. The senior was quite a bit taller than Roosevelt and his reach was longer. He also weighed more by six pounds, but Roosevelt was the quicker man on his feet and knew more of the science of boxing. The first round was vigorously contested. Roosevelt closed in at the very outset. Because of his bad eyes he realized that infighting gave him his only chance to win. Blows were exchanged with lightning rapidity, and they were hard blows. Roosevelt drew first blood, but soon his own nose was bleeding. At the call of time, however, he got the decision for the round.

“The senior had learned his lesson. Thereafter he would not permit Roosevelt to close in on him. With his longer reach, and aided by his antagonist’s near-sightedness, he succeeded in landing frequent blows. Roosevelt worked hard, but to no avail. The round

was awarded to the senior. In the third round the senior endeavored to pursue the same tactics, but with less success. The result of this round was a draw, and an extra round had to be sparred. Here superior weight and longer reach began to tell, but Roosevelt boxed gamely to the end. Said his antagonist: 'I can see him now as he came in fiercely to the attack. But I kept him off, taking no chances, and landing at long reach. I got the decision, but Roosevelt was far more scientific. Given good eyes, he would have defeated me easily.' "

Roosevelt's interest in boxing continued throughout his career. He held that boxing and wrestling were valuable aids to military training.

When he became President a United States Senator called to see him on important business. He was forced to wait a long time. At last he inquired what business was taking up the time of Roosevelt. "He's receiving the members of the Harvard Baseball Club!" was the unexpected reply.

On Sunday, during his college days, Roosevelt followed his father's example by teaching in a Sunday-school. He did not find a church of his denomination in Cambridge, so he took a class in a mission school.

One day a boy came to the Sunday-school with a black eye. Roosevelt asked him where he got it. The boy said he had been in a fight. Another boy had sat beside his sister and had pinched her. The brother had gone to her rescue, trounced her tormentor, and received in turn a blackened eye.

Roosevelt followed the details of the battle with more interest than a Sunday-school teacher is expected to show. At the end of the story, instead of the scold-

ing which the class expected to hear, he dived into his pocket and brought out a dollar.

"You did just right!" he said, putting the money within the little fist that had been clenched in defense of girlhood.

Roosevelt through this act became a hero in the eyes of his scholars, but when an account of the affair reached the ears of the officers of the school they disputed the wisdom of his course. Then it came out that he was not instructing the boys in the forms of worship observed by that church. These matters caused Roosevelt to resign his class, but, true to his sense of duty, he went to another Sunday-school and taught there during the remainder of his college term.

His opinion of the college student who devotes himself to sport and neglects his studies were stated vigorously by him in after life. In a speech to Harvard students he said:

"I believe heartily in sport. I believe in outdoor games, and I do not mind in the least that they are rough games—but it is a bad thing for any college man to regard sport as the serious business of life."

Roosevelt's own life at Harvard was an example of this. He allowed himself ample time for play, but he graduated among the first in his class.

That Roosevelt the student had many more college interests besides athletics; that he was eager to approach life from every angle, is shown by the fact that he was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi, the Porcelain Club, The Natural History Society, of which he was vice president, the Art Club, the Finance Club, the Glee Club (Associate member), the Harvard Rifle Corps, the O. K. Society, of which he was treasurer,

and the Harvard Athletic Association, of which he was steward. In his senior year he became one of the editors of *The Advocate*, which had as its editor-in-chief Alfred Bushnell Hart, professor of American history and a historian of note. He ended his studies with honorable mention in natural history, had a Commencement part, and acquired a Phi Beta Kappa key.

His friends like him because he was in earnest, original and self-reliant. He did not shrink from defending his ideas before a crowded classroom. He seldom knew when he was licked. His most significant work while at college was the writing of "The Naval War of 1812" which became an authority on the subject.

When a sophomore, he was proposed as a representative of his class on the editorial staff of the college paper, *The Harvard Advocate*. Here is the report made to the editors by the committee that inquired concerning him:

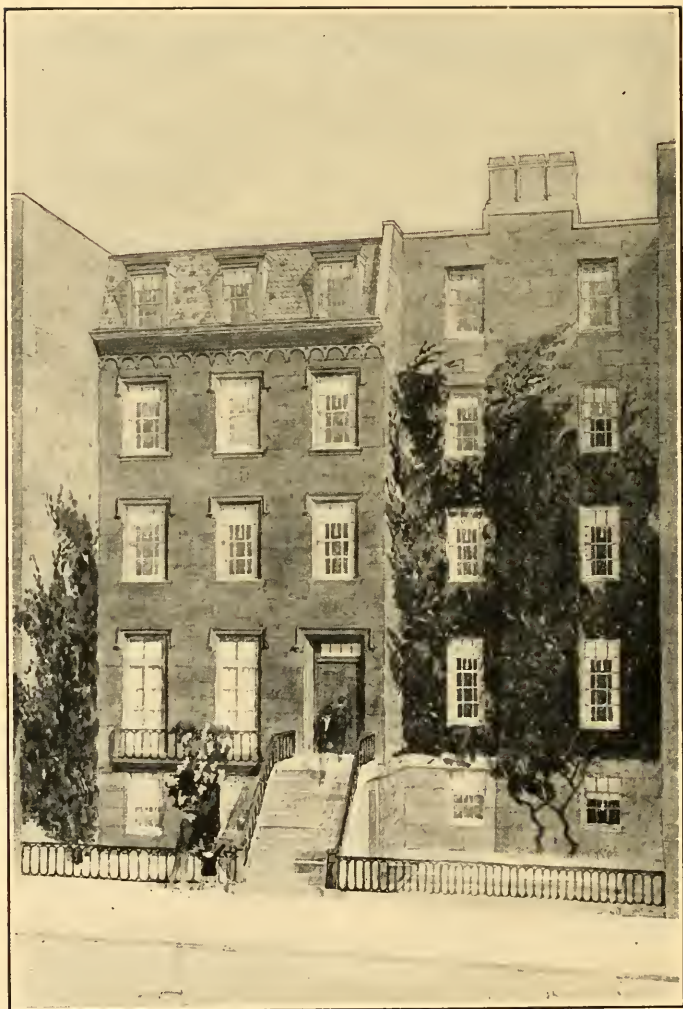
"I cannot see that he is the kind of man we want, although I find that he is a thoroughly good fellow and much liked by his classmates. I do not believe that he has much literary interest. He spends his spare time chipping off pieces of rock and examining strata, catching butterflies and bugs, and would, I think, be better suited for a scientific society than for us."

Later, however, he was appointed a member of the staff. The estimate as to his lack of literary interest, his college mates found as the years went on, was woefully wrong.

His future in politics was foreshadowed by this incident of his college days. A political campaign grew lively and Theodore, with a group of students, went to Boston to carry torch-lights in a Republican parade.

As they marched past a certain house, a man jeered at the students and threw a raw potato at them. Roosevelt rushed out of line, shook his fist at the man, and dared him to come down into the street. The youth was ready for a rough-and-tumble fight, but the man quailed before his challenge and ceased his insults.

After his graduation in 1880, Roosevelt married Miss Alice Lee, one of the group of young people with whom he associated in Boston. Dr. William Draper Lewis tells us that it was Prof. A. S. Hill who unexpectedly drew out in his classroom the truth that Roosevelt was in love. Professor Hill was reading to his class in rhetoric an overly-romantic theme. He asked Roosevelt to criticise it. Roosevelt stammered. "Mr. Roosevelt," popped out the Professor, "what do you think of an undergraduate falling in love?" Roosevelt's only reply was a blush. Not long afterwards he announced his engagement. The two spent the summer of 1881 in Europe. There Roosevelt met travelers who had ascended the Matterhorn. They spoke of the feat as though it was one no one else could do. This put the American on his mettle and he climbed both the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn. Because of these accomplishments he was made a member of the Alpine Club of London.



THE ROOSEVELT HOME AT 28 EAST TWENTIETH
STREET, WHERE THEODORE WAS BORN

(This illustration shows how the building will appear when
restored by the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association)

VII. THE FIRST POLITICAL PATH

An Assemblyman at Twenty-two

*"God give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie,
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And down his treacherous flatteries without winking.
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the clouds,
In public duty and in private thinking.
For, while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo, freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land and waiting justice sleeps."*

—J. G. HOLLAND.

"THEODORE going in for politics—it is unthinkable!" said some of his fashionable friends. They came to him with advice.

"Politics are low—no gentleman can succeed at it!" they said. "You will have to rub elbows with the groom and the saloon-keeper! You will lose class!"

Theodore showed his teeth. "So long as you keep to that opinion," he said, "the groom and the saloon-keeper will continue to be the governing class. I am going down to political headquarters to meet them."

And so Theodore became a member of the Twenty-first District Republican Association of New York. The Association held its meetings in, to quote Mr. Roosevelt, "a large barn-like room over a saloon." The

furniture was composed of "dingy benches, a dais at one end with a table and chair and stout pitcher for iced water, and on the walls pictures of General Grant and Levi P. Morton."

If Theodore's own circle of friends had been discouraging the men he met in Morton Hall were no less so, though for opposite reasons.

"He's a silk-stocking, and he wears eye-glasses. He could never learn to wear a slouch hat and shake hands with men in shirt sleeves!" one said. "He is just a writer looking for things to write about!" another declared.

These men, however, soon found that Theodore did not object to being called "Teddy"; that for all his college education he was as simple in his tastes as any of them; that, instead of being weak, he was a good boxer and had plenty of red blood in him; that he was a forceful speaker and had sound ideas; and that he could strike as hard a blow in debate as he could in the boxing ring.

The man to whom Roosevelt gives the credit of giving him his start in politics was Joe Murray.

Roosevelt conducted his campaign with fearlessness.

A German named Fischer kept a beer saloon on Sixth Avenue near Fifty-fifth Street. When Roosevelt was introduced to him the German said:

"Well, Mr. Roosevelt, the liquor interest has not been getting a square deal. We are paying excessive taxes. I hope you will try to give us some relief when you get up to the Legislature."

"Mr. Fischer, what is the license now?" Mr. Roosevelt asked.

The saloon-keeper named the sum.

"Well, that's not right!" said Mr. Roosevelt. Fischer

noddod approvingly, until the candidate continued, "I thought it would be twice as much!"

This ended Roosevelt's canvass of saloons. Murray hustled him away and told him that it would be better for him to solicit votes along Fifth Avenue, and let Hess, Bullard and himself attend to the rest of the campaign.

Many athletes among Mr. Roosevelt's college friends came to assist him on election day. They went into the tough districts where there was danger of election frauds, and they watched so well and in such numbers that the election proceeded without disorder or cheating. Of the twenty-five districts concerned, the "silk-stocking" candidate received the highest vote in twenty-three. He went to Albany.

When Roosevelt, at 22, amazed his friends by securing an election to the Legislature he was invited to New York to make a speech by an exclusive club in his native city. Mrs. Douglas Robinson, his sister, in a public address, thus pictured him in this ordeal:

"It was his first speech and as his last message was on Americanism, so was his first. He was invited to speak before the Nineteenth Century Club. * * * The speaker of the night was allowed so long for his talk. Then a member of the club was designated to rebut the speaker's remarks. The club member was allowed fifteen minutes and then the speaker was allowed ten minutes to rebut the rebuttal.

"Well, Theodore spoke on Americanism. The applause was piteous. * * * Then Dr. St. Clair McKelway, a very brilliant and witty speaker, got up and he just floored my brother. He referred scathingly to young men and their fondness for 'isms,' and the applause was terrific. I was anxious, but I saw my

brother, that smile on his face, arise and I guessed he had thought of something.

" 'I don't want ten minutes, Mr. Chairman,' he said, 'I don't want five minutes, I just want to ask a question. Mr. Chairman, if all "isms" are fads and must be wiped out—how about patriotism?' "

THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE

Theodore Roosevelt, recalling his first days in the Legislature, said that he felt like a boy in a strange school. There was plenty of reason for his feeling so. The Legislature was Democratic while he was a Republican. It was largely composed of men from rural districts or from city sections whose representatives could not afford to be called "stuck up." In contrast to these, Roosevelt was well dressed, wore eye-glasses and bore the label of a "silk stocking." A large number of the members were old veterans, while Roosevelt was the youngest member. From these hostile viewpoints the other members looked at the new-comer, and from his lonely position he looked back with equal distrust; he had ventured into the lion's den, and if they meant to devour him he intended to give them a hard tussle.

Roosevelt's most trying moment came when he rose to make his first speech. He knew the men who had sent him to the Legislature were watching him. He knew a Congressman's caliber was too often judged just by his ability to talk to the Assembly. An old countryman, observing Roosevelt's agitation, calmed him with this advice:

"Don't speak until you are sure you have something to say and know just what it is; then say it and sit down."

When he began to make friends it was among both Republicans and Democrats. Where a man shared Roosevelt's ideas or where a man showed himself to be a fair fighter on the opposite side of the question, the young Assemblyman welcomed his friendship.

Roosevelt's first battle against the bosses and for the people came when a move was made to impeach Judge Westbrook for using his office to help a group of financiers to make fortunes out of a wrecked elevated railway company. The newspapers demanded action. The people wrote letters to their Representatives urging them to condemn the Judge. Roosevelt waited for his elders to act. The bosses evaded the issue.

Convinced at last that nothing would be done unless he acted, on April 6, 1882, he demanded from the floor that a certain prominent judge be impeached by the Assembly.

Public opinion came to his help. He and those Assemblymen who were not slaves to the will of the people persisted in the fight. The opposing members began to hear from the folks back home. The Legislature yielded. By a vote of 104 to 6 Roosevelt's side carried the day. The committee whitewashed the accused, but the trial proved that Roosevelt was right in making the attack.

A few days later, Roosevelt sat at lunch with a friend, a big New York lawyer, experienced in business and politics.

"This attack you are making on 'the interests' will ruin your promising career," the attorney said, in substance, "as a 'reform play' it is all right, but don't overplay your hand. Your record in the Legislature has shown that you possess ability that will make you

useful in a law office or in business. Why not quit politics?"

"You want me to give in to the 'ring'?" Roosevelt asked in amazement.

"You don't know what a 'ring' is," replied the lawyer, "it's more than a few corrupt politicians. Back of them are big business men. - Joined to them are great lawyers, and even judges. You can't use the enemies you make, but you will feel their power when you try to succeed in business. Quit before you lose their good will!"

"I won't quit!" young Roosevelt said doggedly, "I'm going back to the Legislature to fight corrupt men the harder!"

After Roosevelt had served one term in the Legislature he was re-elected by his district. He ran 2,000 votes ahead of his ticket. At the end of this term he was again re-elected.

A SLUGGER SLUGGED

Roosevelt's battles against wrong and his speeches against bosses and grafters made him many enemies. On at least one occasion they led to a personal attack which one of his biographers thus describes:

"After a day when he had been a particularly sharp thorn in the side of corruption, he moved about the lobby of the old hotel, chatting with friends, tossing a laugh and a good-natured thrust at those who opposed him, and treating the whole matter from the standpoint of one who understands the motives as well as the actions of those with whom he is associated. He did not pose. He made no pretense of loftier morality than those about him, but let them draw their own conclusions from his conduct.

"At ten o'clock he started to leave the hotel. On the way from the upper portion of the lobby, where he had been chatting with fellow members, he passed the door leading to the buffet. And from that door, as by a preconcerted signal from the 'honorable men' with whom he had been associating, came a group of fellows, rather noisy, and full of the jostling which fellows tarrying at the wine. They were not a pleasant lot. One in particular was a pugilist called 'Stubby' Collins, and this bully bumped rather forcibly against Mr. Roosevelt. The latter was alone, but he saw in an instant, with the eye of a man accustomed to collisions, the fact that this little party had waylaid him with a purpose. He paused, fully on his guard, and then 'Stubby,' with an appearance of the greatest indignation, struck at him, demanded angrily, 'What do you mean, running into me that way?'

"The blow did not land. The men who hired 'Stubby' had not informed him that this young member of the assembly had been one of the very best boxers at Harvard, and rather liked a fight. They had simply paid the slugger a certain price to 'do up' the man who could not take a hint in any other way.

"In an instant Mr. Roosevelt had chosen his position. It was beyond the group of revellers, and where he could keep both them and the more aristocratic party of their employers in view. And there, standing quite alone, 'Stubby' made his rush. In half a minute the thug was beaten. He had met far more than his match and the two or three of his friends who tendered their assistance were gathering themselves from the floor of the lobby and wondering if there had not been a mistake."

THE TRAIL LEADS WEST — AND EAST AGAIN

VIII. A TENDERFOOT IN THE BAD LANDS

*"Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
That's where the West begins;
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying—
That's where the West begins."*

—ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

"OH boys—another tenderfoot!"
"Look at his eye-glasses!"

"See that brand-new hunting outfit!"

Thus the talk ran down the one street of Medora, a primitive little cattle town in what is now North Dakota. The man they jeered was Theodore Roosevelt, a young man of importance in New York State; but an unknown, untried quantity in Medora.

Roosevelt was a lonely, heartsick man in these days. He had dropped politics for the time. His plans were unsettled. He was only twenty-five, yet he had lost both his wife and his mother, and life seemed hardly worth living. Only one thing promised to restore his hope and confidence in life—that was the West. It called to him and he went.

In the fall of 1882 he had hunted along the Red River in Dakota. Now, in his hour of grief, it seemed to him a good place to go. He left his baby daughter

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Alice in the loving care of his elder sister and took a train for the Bad Lands.

Roosevelt found more than adventure in the West. He found pioneer bravery and hardihood that made him stronger through contact with it. The section which first appealed to him was that territory acquired for \$15,000,000 by Thomas Jefferson, when he was President, under the terms of the Louisiana Purchase. France then sold the United States the country which now is occupied by the State of Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, part of Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, most of Kansas, Oklahoma, and parts of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, and Louisiana.

Strange indeed was the contrast between the men Roosevelt had left behind him in the East and those whom he moved among now.

Hunters and trappers, men of the type of Daniel Boone, still lived. Here and there in the crowd that passed through Medora, one would meet one of these veterans of the hills, clad picturesquely in a fringed buckskin hunting shirt. Of all the men in the West the hunter was the most independent. He built his own hut far from the abodes of men. He provided his own food, except for the flour, salt, sugar and tea he carried along. He slept on his own deer-skins—all that he was dependent upon was the shaggy pony that served as his pack-horse. Some of these, tiring of the loneliness, took Indian wives. These hunters were frowned upon by the plainsmen and called "squaw men."

The cowboys outnumbered the hunters and trappers. In addition to those of his own and neighboring ranches, he often met strange cow-punchers while in search of

straying horses, and found them friendly, likeable fellows. Often they took him into their confidence. One day he met two young Texans who were exiled from their native state because of a race war between Americans and Mexicans in which they had become engaged. A Mexican village had been stormed in revenge for the killing of an American cowboy, and four "Greasers" slain. The authorities were in search of the men who had witnessed or taken part in the attack, and these two thought it well to stay away from the border.

The uproars the cowboys caused when they came to town was largely due to their fun-loving spirit. Sometimes, indeed, they would shoot off high hats, or make a man dance by firing bullets in a circle around his feet, but usually, Roosevelt tells us, such a deed was called forth by some foolish act of the person thus treated.

If cowboys "shot up" a saloon, more than likely they put down enough money to pay for the damage; if they lost six months' pay in a few days' spree, they rode cheerily back to the ranch for another season of the hardest kind of work. The cow-puncher who became a hard character soon lost his employment.

Of rascals, however, the country had its full share. Some ranch owners themselves were cattle thieves who employed bad men to shift unbranded calves to the side of his own cows, or to cover blurred brands on the cattle of a neighbor with his own brand, or to alter a plain brand so that it looked like the brand of the robber ranchman. The appointment of trained brand inspectors largely put a stop to this evil.

Then there were bands of thieves who stole horses

from cow-punchers, hunters or settlers, thus depriving them of their most useful and valuable possessions. Horse-stealing was therefore considered a major crime by the men of the frontier and whenever a thief was caught by the vigilantes he was hanged in short order.

Good men and bad men; sober workers and bar-room loafers; blustering gun-men and quiet men who killed in self-defense—Roosevelt rubbed elbows with all. The parson who beat a man over the head with an axe; the man from Minnesota who slew a bullying Scotchman and soon after led a dance at a cowboys' ball—at which our hero went through the lancers with the victor's wife; the French-Canadian trapper fleeing from justice; the simple-hearted plainsman who would share his last bit of sun-jerked venison with a stranger;—these and a score of other picturesque types Roosevelt knew.

Roosevelt's former experiences with rough lumbermen in the Maine woods stood him in good stead. He had learned how to meet men on their own ground; when to take a joke; when not to. He picked out Joe Ferris as the man who was to be his chief friend in that crowd, and accepted gladly open-hearted Joe's invitation to his ranch, the Chimney Butte, about ten miles from Médora, on the Little Missouri River.

There he met Sylvane Ferris, Joe's brother, and Arthur N. Merrifield, their partner. Sylvane it was who took Roosevelt in search of buffaloes, and in Sylvane's words we give the story of this hunt:

"It meant hard work to get a buffalo at that time, and whether the thin young man could stand the trip was a question, but Roosevelt was on horseback and

he rode better than I did, and could stand just as much knocking about as I could.

"On the first night out, when we were twenty-five or thirty miles from a settlement, we went into camp on the open prairie, with our saddle blankets over us, our horses picketed and the picket ropes tied about the horns of our saddles, which we used for pillows. In the middle of the night there was a rush, our pillows were swept from under our heads and our horses went tearing off over the prairie, frightened by wolves.

"Roosevelt was up and off in a minute after the horses.

"On the fourth or fifth day out, I think it was, our horses pricked up their ears and I told Roosevelt that a buffalo was close at hand. We dismounted and advanced to a big 'washout' near, peered over its edge, and there stood a huge buffalo bull, calmly feeding and unaware of our presence.

" 'Hit him where that patch of red shows on his side,' said I, 'and you've got him!'

"Roosevelt was cool as a cucumber, took a careful aim and fired. Out came the buffalo from the washout, with blood pouring from his mouth and nose. 'You've shot him,' I shouted, and so it proved, for the buffalo plunged a few steps and fell."

Roosevelt learned more on this hunt than how to shoot a bull bison. His companions were cattlemen, and their talk was of cow-punching, round-ups, and the prospects of making money at their arduous calling.

Roosevelt had money awaiting investment. His life in the East seemed to him now a closed book. He decided to cast his lot with these men in what was thought to be a coming cattle country. So carried away

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was he by the prospect that he bought Chimney Butte Ranch at once, with Sylvane Ferris and Merrifield as his partners, and with Sylvane as ranch manager. He paid \$45,000 for the ranch, and gave his check at once for \$10,000, in partial payment. He came East three weeks later to prepare for the new mode of life.

BILL SEWALL JOINS ROOSEVELT

He wrote to Bill Sewall of his plans and asked if Bill and his nephew Dow, whom Roosevelt knew well, did not want to go West and begin ranching with him. He knew that while Bill was pleasantly located at Island Falls and Lake Mattawamkeag, his income was not a steady one. He held out the prospect of making big money and guaranteed that they would not lose anything by making the trip.

This is the letter that led the two woodsmen to cast in their fortunes with Roosevelt:

"Now, a little plain talk, though I do not think it necessary for I know you too well. If you are afraid of hard work and privation do not come West. If you expect to make a fortune in a year or two, do not come West. If you will give up under temporary discouragements, do not come West. If, on the other hand, you are willing to work hard, especially the first year; if you realize that for a couple of years you cannot expect to make much more than you are now making; and if you also know that at the end of that time you will be in receipt of about a thousand dollars for the third year, with an unlimited rise ahead of you and a future as bright as you yourself choose to make it—then come. Now, I take it for granted you will not

hesitate at this time. So fix up your affairs at once, and be ready to start before the end of this month."

Both Sewall and Dow were married. Dakota seemed at the end of the world to them. The fact that they made the journey gives ample proof of their faith in the would-be ranchman who called to them.

They reached Medora in July of that year. Their wives came later. They found the country even wilder than they expected; instead of the trackless forests of the north country they found treeless plains where the coyote and prairie dogs made their home.

Roosevelt acquired two ranches, the Chimney Butte and a new one forty miles north. On the latter site, Roosevelt found the antlers of two elks which had died in combat and named the place The Elkhorn.

Their first job was to build a new house on the Elkhorn ranch. They hewed cottonwood logs, the only kind of timber they could find. The lumber for the roof came from Minneapolis. Roosevelt toiled with them. He overheard someone ask Dow what the total cut of logs had been. Dow, not knowing that he was within hearing, said:

"Well, Bill cut down fifty-three, I cut forty-nine and the boss he beavered seventeen."

The force of the jest lay, not in the small number of trees his ax felled, but in the likening of his chopping to the gnawing of the beaver. Roosevelt joined in the laughter and afterwards told his Eastern friends this joke on himself.

LIFE ON ELKHORN RANCH

The ranch was completed by Spring. Dow went East to escort the women folks to their new home. He

brought his bride along, and with him came Sewall's wife and three-year-old daughter. Sewall's family occupied one room; Mr. and Mrs. Dow another; Roosevelt another; while the kitchen, dining room, and other small rooms were open to all.

The ranch lay on both sides of the river, a long, low house of hewn logs, surrounded by outbuildings. The nearest neighbor was ten miles distant. The house stood in a glade, protected from the summer's heat by an old line of cottonwoods. Thorny underbrush lay all about, through which bridle paths and wagon roads had been chopped. Deer inhabited this brush, sometimes coming to within two hundred yards of the house. Sometimes they could be seen peering out of their shelter, or warily making their way down to the river to drink.

Inside the ranchhouse there was a primitive sitting room with a huge fire place built for winter comfort. The house had a broad veranda, shaded by the cottonwoods, and here in the hot noontide hours of midsummer, when work was slack, the young ranch-owner would sit, stretched back in a rocking chair, reading or smoking. Before him lay the river, now nearly dry, and on the opposite side the cliffs.

There was no sound except the note of the mourning dove, or the sound of bulls and steers in conflict as they came down from the hills to drink at the river.

A little distance away from the ranch, prairie dogs came to the mouth of their burrows and stared curiously at the intruding ranchmen. On the outskirts of these prairie-dog settlements, called "dog towns," foxes, ferrets, coyotes, badgers and skunks could be seen stealing up to prey upon the prairie dogs.

In the Fall, prairie fowl, ducks, geese and other water-fowl frequented the river, sometimes alighting in the ranch yard. The bagging of these brought to the ranchers a delightful change of food.

Roosevelt related to Dr. F. C. Iglehart, who recorded it in his book, this delightful yarn of his ranch life:

On going to his ranch from the East, he was handed condensed milk for his coffee.

"What does this mean," he said, "condensed milk with hundreds of cows with calves in the herds?"

"Boss," said the cook, "will you go milkin' with the boys to get some cream for tomorrow?"

"I certainly will!" the young ranch owner replied.

The next day the men took ponies and ropes and went out to the herd. A fine, healthy-looking cow was singled out. She gave Roosevelt a look far different from the placid one bestowed on the milkman by a Long Island cow, kicked up her heels and started to run as fast as she could.

The cowboys pursued and lassoed her. She was thrown to the ground and milked by force, but it took the entire group to handle her.

Roosevelt now understood why condensed milk was in favor with ranchmen.

Wall-eyed pike, catfish and other strange fish were caught by leaving lines set out overnight in the pools of the river.

The mid-day meal, the chief one of the day, consisted of smoked elk meat, home made bread, venison or broiled antelope steak, or roasted or fried prairie chickens, with eggs, butter, wild plums and tea or coffee. A small garden yielded them potatoes and other vegetables.

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For eatables, the Roosevelt ranch fared far better than most of the ranches. The usual food for many of Roosevelt's neighbors, outside of what was secured by hunting, was salt pork, canned goods and bread.

With the coming of Spring, many kinds of birds arrived to keep the young naturalist company. He tells of having been companioned by the Missouri skylark, which sang so high in the air that it was often impossible to see it; the white-shouldered lark bunting, whose song resembled the bobolink's; the lark-finch; the bluebird; the flicker; the towhee; and the meadow-lark. In June came the wood thrush, song sparrow and grosbeak. Then, to complete the choir, came black-birds and whippoorwills and yellow-heads and even owls.

In the Winter, when the river lay frozen, wolves and lynxes traveled up and down the ice, as if it were a highroad.

Roosevelt's cowboys, in their crude way, have borne eloquent testimony to his fair dealing and comradeship. One of them said:

"He worked for a part of a season as a cowboy. He had his own 'string' of horses and they were as ugly and ill-tempered as the majority of cow-horses. He was not a broncho-breaker as he has been pictured to be, and he took no unnecessary chances in mounting or endeavoring to tame an especially ugly horse. But he did not shrink from riding his own horses when they cut up the customary capers of mustangs and although he was sometimes thrown and on one or two occasions pretty badly bruised and hurt, he stuck to his mounts, until he had mastered them."

IX. ALONG THE CATTLE TRAIL

THE STAMPEDE

*"Into the pitchy darkness of the night,
With spur and quirt and shot and wild halloo,
Lithe figures speed to check their frenzied flight,
As on the panic-stricken thousands go!
And now the storm God's wrath is spent and gone;
Hushed is his voice upon the mesa's crest;
The stars peep forth through scudding clouds, and dawn
Finds wearied riders safe; the herd at rest."*

—E. A. BRININSTOOL.

FROM Canada to Mexico, through the middle of the United States, the cattle country lay. Farms were few in this region; the entire district was a huge pasture in which there were no restricting fences. Each ranchman had to depend on the industry of his cowboys and upon the brands he burnt into the sides of his cattle to safeguard his stock.

Roosevelt adopted the Maltese cross as his brand for the upper ranch, and on the lower ranch his brands were the elkhorn and triangle. Those of his neighbors were Three Sevens, The Thistle, the OX, the Quarter Circle Diamond, and several other queer devices. Unbranded cattle, called "mavericks," when captured at a round-up were usually branded by the owner of the range on which they were found.

In the section of country in which Roosevelt set-

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tled the ground was so poor that in winter an average of twenty-five acres had to be allowed for each animal; thus on a range ten miles square, there would be found just two or three thousand head of stock.

The greatest danger of loss to the cattlemen came in the winter. Herds that drifted North in the summer were caught in blizzards or severe winter rains. They then found the grass frozen and uneatable and died in great numbers. Roosevelt tells of one owner who lost thirty-six hundred out of a total of four thousand. The remainder were kept alive by feeding them the tops of trees.

Roosevelt and his men were often "on the trail," driving cattle from one pasture to another, or taking them to a depot for shipment to market. These trips sometimes lasted months; the cattle could not be hurried; hard toil and patience were the qualities required of the men who cared for them.

As a relief to the monotony of such work, there were a series of exciting round-ups which began in May and ended in October. The first round-up of the season, when most of the calves were branded, was the chief event. Stray cattle had to be searched for far and wide, and the round up therefor lasted for six or seven weeks. The horses used on the ranch,—“Manitou,” “Dynamite Jimmy,” “Wire Fence,” “Fall Back,” “Water Skip,” and other animals with nick-names as strange, had also to be broken into the work that lay ahead of them.

On May 25th the round-up began. Each ranch in the district sent its cowboys. Ranches from outside the district sent representatives to redeem such of their cattle that had strayed into the region.

The outfit from the Chimney Butte ranch consisted of the "grub wagon" and twelve cow-punchers. Two "horse-wranglers" had charge of the hundred horses used in the herding.

While on this round-up Roosevelt made the mistake of choosing as his mounts horses that had not been sufficiently broken. One of these bronchos bucked him, breaking one of his ribs. Another had the trick of balking and then throwing himself over backward. This one also threw Roosevelt, injuring his shoulder so that he could not use his arm freely for weeks.

Arriving at the encampment, a scene of wild excitement followed. Four-horse wagons rushed hither and thither; horse-wranglers struggled to keep their animals together; broncho-busters toiled to tame unbroken horses, sticking to the backs of their vicious mounts despite the broncho's bucking and plunging, and meeting the jars and bounces and cries of the spectators with unfailing good humor.

Every man acted as if his chief business was not to herd cattle but to have a frolic. Wrestling matches and foot races were engaged in. Men with racing ponies attended the round-up; races were run between two rows of spectators. Each horse had its enthusiastic friends; the excitement became intense; large sums of money were wagered. With waving hands and voices hoarse with cheering the cowboys urged on their favorite riders and bronchos, and even fired their revolvers in the air to stimulate them to victory.

Then came a day when all arrangements had been completed, and the work for which they had come together was started. At three o'clock in the morning, long before daylight, the men arose and ate a hasty

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breakfast. Then off the cowboys rode to bring in every herd of cattle in sight, driving them towards the meeting-place.

This completed, the animals were herded closely together while cowboys from each ranch looked through the herds and "cut out" those that bore the brands of their ranches. Finding such a beast, the cowboy cautiously drove him to the outskirts of the herd, thwarting it in its swift attempts to rejoin its fellows.

Sometimes the "cutting out" resembled a bull-fight—except that it was a cow or steer instead of a bull who lunged at the rider. The cow-puncher is adept at meeting such charges, and the beast is quickly roped and tied.

Then, after the animals sought for have been separated from the herd, the branding begins. A fire is built; the branding irons are heated; the calf is lassoed and thrown and held up to the fire by the ropers while the man with the heated iron applies the brand.

Danger comes when a branded maverick turns vicious when set free and charges the men who have roped it. The cowboys scatter; the horses leap and twist; there is a tangle of taut lariats and bleating calves and shouting men.

The chief danger that confronts the herders is a stampede that will scatter to the four winds the cattle gathered with so much labor. On one occasion Roosevelt and his men set out to take a thousand head of young cattle down from the Elkhorn ranch to the Chimney Butte range. The river was high and it became necessary to take an inland trail. Water became scarce and the cattle went a whole day without drinking. That night the thirsty, restless animals started to

stampede. Roosevelt and one cow-puncher were on guard. They rode desperately around the herd in opposite directions, knowing that if once the cattle broke away, there would be no chance of assembling them again. They would turn back the herd at one point, only to find them breaking forth at another. Sometimes their horses tripped over broken ground and the riders would somersault out of their saddles. Finally, wet with sweat and with their bronchos trembling with exhaustion and excitement, they managed to calm the herd.

A more serious menace came during a round-up, when a blizzard swept down upon a herd of two thousand head.

"I guess there's racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea, now, sure!" a cowboy with a love of poetry suddenly sang out. Roosevelt's eyes followed his pointing finger. The cattle had begun to drift before the lashing storm. The night guards were unable to control them. The other cowboys were mounting and riding to the aid of their hard-pressed companions. Roosevelt rode with the latter. In front of the fan-shaped mass of frightened beasts the cowboys dashed, darting to and fro from one danger point to another. With every thunder-clap the herd would try to break away.

Luckily, there were three corrals within a mile of the herd, and luckily its drift was towards them. When the first corral was reached the shouting, galloping riders cut off a part of the cattle and drove them into it. The same thing was done at the second corral, and again at the third until the entire herd was safely quartered.

One day Roosevelt was chosen to represent the

cattle-owners of the Little Missouri at a round-up in a neighboring territory. Being still considered a tender-foot, the young cattleman decided to be as unobtrusive as possible in his contact with strange cow-punchers.

He rode off, driving eight or ten horses before him, one of which carried his bedding. The journey took two days. Reaching his destination, he went to the wagon to which he had been assigned, and reported to the wagon boss or cook. His horses he turned into the "Saddle-band."

The cook—a privileged character—grumbled at having the new-comer as an addition to his mess. He asked Roosevelt, however, if he wanted anything to eat, and Roosevelt, to please him, replied that he could wait until the regular meal-time.

Roosevelt then spread his bedding on the grass, out of the way of the bedding of the other cow-boys of the group. The wagon foreman asked what brands he represented, but the other men merely nodded. Roosevelt kept silent, and after a supper of bread, coffee and bacon, went to sleep.

At three in the morning the cook roused them for breakfast. Each man then rolled up and corded his bedding. Then the men approached the fire and took their breakfast standing or squatting. Then the night wrangler brought up the pony herd. Each man singled out and mounted his own horse, and in the gray dawn they rode away to begin the work of the round-up.

After the day of galloping and cattle-driving and branding, Roosevelt had become acquainted with the men, and his qualities had become known. His spectacles were forgiven; he was treated as one of the outfit.

Roosevelt heard much of rough speech during his life on the plains, but he shrunk from unclean thought or action, and never hesitated to show those who offended in his presence that their words or deeds disgusted him. He could speak as vigorously as any of his mates when occasion required but no vulgar blasphemy crossed his lips.

Roosevelt did not become an unusually good roper or rider, but on a round-up it was the steady-going man rather than the brilliant one who was the most valuable, and the owner of the Elkhorn Ranch was one of the former. A cow or calf would run into a thick patch of bulberry bush and balk at coming out; a steer would grow fighting mad; a calf would try to lie down. The fancy rider would be tempted to go on and leave the work of bringing in such beasts to others, but Roosevelt stayed on the job and herded his animal whenever such a case arose.

There were times when prairie fires started, and as they destroy large areas of feeding ground, it was necessary for the ranchmen to fight them with all of their resources. The method of firefighting was a unique one. A steer would be split in half. Each half would be dragged by a horse, bloody side down, along the line of the fire, the riders going in opposite directions. The cowboys on foot would follow the horsemen, beating out with horse blankets or "slickers" the flames that were not smothered by the carcass of the steer.

The horse would need to be urged, and the men were hot, smoke-begrimed and exhausted before the fire was put out.

Roosevelt's experiences with bronchos were both hu-

morous and painful. Whenever he tried out a new broncho, it was an occasion for much fun among the cowboys, who, of course, enjoyed seeing "the boss" in a "ticklish" situation.

One day he tried to mount a big sulky horse named Ben Butler, which promptly rolled over backwards. When he was forced to his feet Ben Butler balked. The men were anxious to start. Sylvane Ferris therefore gave Roosevelt his horse, Baldy, and undertook to ride Ben Butler himself.

Roosevelt relates that he was chagrined to hear Sylvane call out, as Ben Butler started off docilely, "Why, there's nothing the matter with this horse; he's a plumb gentle horse!"

A few minutes later, however, Sylvane was crying:

"Come along! Here, you! Go on, you! Hi, hi, fellows, help me out! He's lying on me!"

In response to these frantic appeals, Roosevelt and the cowboys were forced to turn back and help to pull Sylvane out from under Big Ben, and Roosevelt felt that his comrades had been persuaded that his own ability as a rider was not so poor after all.

X. OUR HERO FLOORS A GUNMAN AND PREPARES TO
FIGHT A DUEL

*"Whatever happens to me, I thank God that I
have toiled and lived with men."*

—ROOSEVELT.

ONE evening, after he had spent the day in pursuit of lost horses, Roosevelt came to a settlement on the prairies, and rode up to its hotel, which proved to be little more than a saloon. Entering the bar-room he found himself among a group of sheep-herders who were being terrorized by the town's "bad man," a fierce-looking tough who brandished a revolver. The ruffian spied Roosevelt's gold eye-glasses and his Angora "chaps" and decided that here was a dude from the East with whom he could have a world of fun.

He informed the crowd that "four-eyes" was going to treat. Roosevelt sat down behind the stove and paid no attention to the coarse jests hurled at him. His retirement strengthened the bully's belief that here was fine meat for sport. Suddenly Roosevelt found himself looking into the muzzle of a gun. A curt command to walk up to the bar accompanied this display of fire-arms.

The young ranchman arose as if to obey. Then the boxer in him came to the fore. His fist shot past the gun and landed on the jaw of the desperado. The gun went off, but the bullet hit the ceiling and he who had brandished it so boldly lay sprawled on the floor in deadly fear of another jolt from the fist of Roose-

velt. He scrambled to his feet, dropped his revolver at Roosevelt's demand, and shuffled out of the saloon to the jeers of the men he had ruled by terror.

Another encounter, of which Roosevelt again emerged with flying colors, came when the Marquis de Mores, in honor of whose daughter the town Medora was named, sent word to him that the Roosevelt ranch was being built on ground owned by him, and that he had better stop work on it. The Marquis's own ranch was nearby. He was a pioneer in that region and, while he himself and all of the other ranches in those days were merely squatters on land owned by the Government or by the Northern Pacific Railroad, he had come to regard himself as the lord of what he surveyed, and had gathered about him a group of toughs. It was known that they had killed two men who had stayed too long on land claimed by the Marquis, and they were loud in their threats to harm others who came to what they called their master's land.

The Marquis, in support of his claims, stated that his sheep were on the land when Roosevelt settled upon it. Roosevelt replied that all he found in his neighborhood were dead sheep, and he did not think their bones could be used to dispute his possession.

Then came word that Maunders, captain of the forces of de Mores, had declared his intention of shooting the new-comer. Roosevelt met this challenge by going in person to Maunders' house and inquiring of him if he had made such a statement. Awed by the steely look in Roosevelt's eyes, Maunders denied having made the threat.

Later, one of the Marquis's men remarked that there would be some dead men around the Elkhorn ranch

some day, and, as if to carry out this threat, six of the Marquis's herders rode up, firing their guns in air to frighten Roosevelt's men. Sewall, in his quiet, woodsman's way, greeted them and invited them into the shack. On this occasion too the moral force and physical strength possessed by Roosevelt's party tamed the ruffians and again trouble was averted.

Then came a day when the Sheriff arrested some of the Marquis's men who had engaged in a shooting affray. The trial was held in Medora, and Roosevelt's name was brought out in the trial in a way that made the Marquis think Roosevelt was using the law against him. Thereupon the young cattleman received by messenger another note from de Mores. The Marquis had shifted his ground enough to profess a friendly feeling for Roosevelt, but now that the latter had taken such action against him, he declared that there was "a way of settling such differences between gentlemen."

Roosevelt's reply was short and to the point. He stated that he had no hostile feeling to his neighbor, but—

"As the closing sentence of your letter implies a threat, I feel it my duty to say that I am ready at all times and all places to answer for my actions."

When the answer was sent Roosevelt prepared to take part in the duel which he thought de Mores intended to bring about. He decided to choose Winchester rifles as the dueling pieces.

There was no duel. Instead the Marquis sent Roosevelt an invitation to dinner.

As if in training for his future work as Police Commissioner of New York, Roosevelt gathered with other cattle owners in a little, bare freight shanty at Medora,

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for the purpose of putting a curb on the lawless element that was working havoc among the ranches. One of the complaints of the cattlemen was that a certain deputy sheriff was shielding the roughs who were creating the disorder. This man was present at the meeting. Roosevelt addressed the meeting, but before long the cattle-owners saw that their young associate had taken a position where he looked the deputy sheriff square in the face. They found out too, that instead of talking to them, Roosevelt was directing his words squarely at the renegade officer. He accused the sheriff of dishonesty and told him that he was totally unfit for his office.

The sheriff carried a revolver at his belt. The charges the speaker made were regarded as fighting words in that territory. But Roosevelt had the moral influence on his side that physical prowess was never able to stand against. The sheriff hung his head and said never a word, and he went out from among the little band of law-upholding frontiersmen a broken man.

Roosevelt, following his code not to shrink from public service when it seemed to be his duty to enter upon it, accepted the office of deputy sheriff.

ROOSEVELT MEETS SETH BULLOCK

At this time Seth Bullock, who, as one of the President's closest friends, served as captain of Troop A in the Rough Rider regiment, was sheriff in the Black Hills district. Roosevelt captured a horse-thief who had eluded Seth, and this feat made the sheriff aware that there was a young man in the neighborhood who had real police stuff in him.

About this time Seth went in search of cattle that had strayed from his ranch at Belle Fourche, South Dakota, one hundred and sixty miles from Roosevelt's ranch. Meanwhile, Roosevelt, with two comrades, had ridden south in search of some of his own cattle, and out on the prairies he met Seth.

Seth did not recognize any of the three men, who were weary and travel stained. He watched them suspiciously as they approached, but when their identity became known he grew friendly, "You see," he explained to Roosevelt, "by your looks I thought you were some kind of a tin-horn gambling outfit, and that I might have to keep an eye on you!"

Seth soon found that Roosevelt was more than what he had first deemed him:—"a tenderfoot from the East who had come to the Bad Lands to recover from the evil effects of the fast pace of the East." He soon grew to be one of the young ranchman's staunchest friends.

Roosevelt admired Seth so much that when he became President he assigned to the Sheriff the duty of giving his four sons a taste of prairie life. "Rope, throw and brand them," he told Seth, in true cattlemen's language.

The following letters written to Travers D. Carman by George Emlen Roosevelt, the Colonel's cousin, and Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, both published in *The Outlook*, show how well Seth merited the confidence of the boys' parents:

"As I remember," wrote George Emlen Roosevelt, "I was about twelve years old when I first went out West with Ted to Deadwood to go bear-hunting with Seth Bullock. He was a man with a reputation through-

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out all that section of the country as a huntsman and a dead shot, a very dangerous opponent in any kind of a fight. He was our typical old-time cow-puncher and Western gun-fighter. That did not seem to be the exact training to qualify a man to take care of two young boys, and I cannot imagine any one who would have, in every way, exercised a better influence. He never allowed profanity in the camp while we were there; he never permitted us to wander around in gambling halls and saloons, which were the natural rendezvous in all the small towns we visited; and although we were living in the mountains and riding a good many miles a day, with wonderful skill he saw to it that we did not get over-tired or into danger. Of course he had an endless fund of stories that he used to tell us in the evenings; and he knew all about the Black Hills, the mining prospectors, and game, and explained it all to us in a way that was a real education. In losing Seth Bullock the country has lost one of its picturesque and truly great characters."

"My last recollection of Seth was when as a boy of twelve or thirteen I went on a camping expedition with him," wrote Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, in part. "I never shall forget his silhouette as he rode forward through the moonlight one night across the Bad Lands, his rifle held over the pommel of his saddle. Seth combined courage and determination with gentleness and kindness. He typifies, to my mind, the men who built up the West."

When he was elected Sheriff of Deadwood, Seth Bullock took his job seriously and set out to rid the town of the rascals who had brought it a bad reputation.

Trouble arose at Hidden Treasure Gulch. Twenty miners took possession of Hidden Treasure mine and threatened to hold it until they were paid a sum they claimed to be due them. Seth tried to oust them, but was shot at repeatedly. He sent for a company of cavalry, and, reinforced by them, lowered burning sulphur into the mine. The miners had to choose between smothering or surrendering. They came out and yielded themselves to the Federal troops.

Roosevelt when vice-president secured the appointment of Seth as Forest Supervisor of the Black Hills Reserve. "As soon as I was appointed," Seth told Mr. Carman, "Washington commenced to send a lot of dudes out here as Forest Rangers. I didn't want them. I wanted Forest Rangers who could sleep out in the open with or without a blanket, put out a fire, and catch a horse thief, and I wrote to the Colonel about it." Roosevelt persuaded Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock to let Seth select his own assistants.

When Roosevelt was elected President, Seth rode in the inaugural parade at the head of a band of cowboys. He was appointed United States Marshal in South Dakota by Roosevelt.

At the dedication of Mount Theodore Roosevelt on July 4th, 1919, in the Black Hills, Seth headed the committee that thus honored his dead chieftain. Less than three months later he followed his leader on the trail that leads beyond the world.

FINNIGAN THE OUTLAW

Roosevelt's crowning work as deputy sheriff came when he was called on to arrest three desperadoes, who,

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in fear of the vigilantes, had stolen the only boat he possessed in order to escape down the river.

With the aid of Sewall and Dow, the young deputy sheriff built a scow, loaded it with supplies, and started in pursuit. On the third day of their journey they saw the stolen boat drawn up on a bank. The smoke of a campfire rose near it. Roosevelt and his comrades landed above the outlaws' camp, arranged their rifles and stole up on the shiftless German who had been left to guard the outfit while his companions went hunting. When the two thieves returned they walked into three cocked rifles. One of them, a half-breed, obeyed Roosevelt's command to throw up his hands, but Finnigan, the burly, red-headed ruffian who was the leader, hesitated. Roosevelt walked a few paces toward him, covering his chest with his rifle. Then the man, with an oath, let his own rifle drop and threw his hands high above his head.

The trip to Dickinson, where the nearest jail was located, proved to be an arduous one. At last they came to a cow camp. There they learned that at a ranch fifteen miles away a large prairie schooner and two tough bronchos for the transportation of the prisoners could be secured. Sewall and Dow went back to the boat. Roosevelt put the prisoners in the wagon along with an old settler, who drove the horses while he walked behind, ankle-deep in mud, with his Winchester over his shoulder. After thirty-six hours of sleeplessness the wagon jolted into the main street of Dickinson, where Roosevelt lodged his captives in jail.

ADVENTURES WITH INDIANS

"Redskins!" The cry was one that used to frighten the early settler in the region through which Roosevelt roved, but in his day danger from them was not so great. True, white trappers who ventured into the nearby hunting grounds of the Grosventres, Mandans, Sioux and Cheyennes were sometimes plundered and killed, and once in a while Cheyennes or Sioux attacked cowboys on the ranges; but on the other hand, hands of peaceful Indians with their squaws and children came to the ranches to trade and hunt. Frequently Roosevelt visited the wigwams of redskins camped in the neighborhood of his ranches and on these occasions he found them meek and friendly.

He came to know the habits of the tribes and in his writings in regard to them he did not mince words in telling of his opinion of them. An upper class Cherokee he considered as good as a white man; his opinion of the Nez Perces was high; he had little use for an Apache or a "digger Snake," or an Arapahoe; but he found much to admire in the Pueblo, nor did he fail to pay tribute to the fighting qualities of the Cheyenne. One of his most diligent neighbors was a Chippewa half-breed; and he knew two rich cattlemen who had taken Indian wives and sent their children to be educated in convents.

It should be borne in mind, however, that his description of these tribesmen was written in the early eighties. Roosevelt if he were living now to write of our Indian brothers, would give them unstinted praise for furnishing so many brave young scouts to fight with Pershing in France.

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The only dangerous encounter the young rancher had with redskins happened when a band of Sioux bucks who had broken away from their reservation came whooping down on him while he was riding his horse Manitou over a lonely part of the prairie. He drew rein; dismounted; threw up his rifle and drew a bead of the nearest brave.

"How! Me good Indian!" the redskin shouted, fleeing with his companions. They made several advances towards Roosevelt, repeating again that they were good Indians, but finding his rifle was still trained at them, they rode off, hurling curses at him in English.

That evening Roosevelt learned that the Indians were Sioux horse thieves, who had coveted his horse and rifle—and perhaps his scalp!

Young America should realize that it is part of their civic duty to see that full justice is done by the white man to the Indian. That the Indian can make good use of opportunities for self-government is shown in the record that has been made by red men who are now members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives.

In the army of the United States during the war of the nations there were over ten thousand Indians. Two-thirds of them were volunteers.

BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE PRAIRIE

Roosevelt, in recounting his western experiences, does not forget to tell of the sturdy boys and girls he met. Where one was found, there was usually many. They grew up without much schooling or training; many could testify, with Topsy, that they "jest growed."

Sometimes he found that a busy mother, to keep her youngest and most mischievous tots out of trouble, had picketed them out as a cowboy pickets ponies, by driving a stake into the ground and attaching the child to it by means of a long leather string tied to its legs. It was a hard method of child-raising; the mother herself would have preferred softer means; but she did the best her circumstances allowed—and she raised true, stalwart sons and fearless hard-working, uncomplaining daughters.

XI. HUNTING ADVENTURES

"In hunting, the finding and killing of the game is, after all, but a part of the whole. The free, self-reliant, adventurous life, with its rugged and stalwart democracy; the wild surroundings, the grand beauty of the scenery, the chance to study the ways and habits of the woodland creatures—all these unite to give the career of the wilderness hunter its peculiar charm."

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE story of Roosevelt's earlier hunting takes the reader along many wild and far-reaching trails. It begins in the northern woods, near Lake St. Regis, where as a youth he went out with two guides, Hank Martin and Mose Sawyer, and shot his first deer. His canoe swung out from between forest-lined banks into a little bay. There he saw, knee-deep among the water lilies that fringed the shore, a yearling buck. His first shot killed him.

The road ends in the jungles of Africa, in dense wildernesses, which the foot of white man had never before penetrated. Some of the early adventures along this hazardous trail are told below:

A MISSISSIPPI BEAR HUNT

While President, Roosevelt went on a bear hunt in a part of the United States he had not previously explored—the cane-brakes of Mississippi. This section was miles from the railroad and had been the favorite hunting ground of General Wade Hampton, leader of the Confederate Black Horse Cavalry.

The experiences of the Colonel on this four days' trip can best be told in the words of "Ho" Collier, a negro swamp guide and bear hunter. Collier was a slave in his youth and knew every foot of Mississippi soil from Vicksburg to Memphis. It was a great occasion for him when a President of the United States came to hunt under his guidance, and his account shows that he made the most of it. Not so much for the picture of "Ho," but for the way it reveals the Colonel when on a sporting trip, we repeat the story as Frederick C. Drinker and Jay Henry Mowbray have passed it on:

"I know all those gentlemen in de party has had a mighty fine time, and as for de President, I never seen a man in all my times of hunting in dese woods what 'joyed a hunt like he did. He was jes' as happy as a schoolboy, and he certainly is a dead-game sport.

"We started out Thursday, and it took us 'bout till dark to get in camp and get settled good. So on Friday morning, 'fore we started out, Mr. Roosevelt said he was awful anxious to kill a b'ar.

"So when he said dat, I told him dat I was determined for him to get dat chance, and if I had to run a b'ar down and tie him I would see dat he got a chance to get a shot.

"Of course de party all scattered, and we begins to hunt, and somehow I felt like I was a'going to get a big one up, and sho'nuff, I wasn't wrong, 'cause dat b'ar we first started was de biggest he b'ar I ever see or heard tell of for a long time.

"He was a hard one to run down, too. I am here to tell yo' and when I heerd dat rascal breaking through de cane and my dogs hot after him I knew I was a-going to get close after him. I was anxious for

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some one to ride around and get the President to follow in with us, as I kept on feeling dat he could get a big b'ar 'fore long.

"Whar was de President? Why, Lordy, chile, he was a snooking 'round on his own hook in de jungle. Dat man wouldn't be tied to nobody. I done make a terrible noise, so he'd come whar de b'ar was, but whar wuz he?

"When my dogs did run dat b'ar down he went down in a mud hole, and it was kinder thick and hard to get at, so I stood round and didn't shoot, case I wanted 'the Colonel' to hurry up and come in behind me so he could kill the first one.

"I tried my best to get dat big b'ar to tree, but he wouldn't so I thought he was jes' going to get the best of my pack, so I hit him with the butt of my gun and then throwed my lasso 'bout his neck and made him fast to a willer tree.

"Then they done got de President, and den when he come up, I says, 'Shoot de b'ar, Colonel, he's tied!'

" 'Scuse me,' sez Colonel Roosevelt, laffan at de ba'r all tied up dar nice and snug, 'Scuse me,' sez he, 'dat's too easy.'

"De President was sholy sort of contempuse wid de situation, and I feel more liken a mule dan a hunter.

"De President said sumpin', I spect it war from de Bible, 'bout it ain't no use slayin' de helpless. Dere I wuz wif my b'ar done tied up, and I think mighty fast to get out of dat fix.

" 'Stick him,' sez I to Massa Parker, and den I showed him how to do de trick. I tell you, my honey, dat big rascal didn't las' much longer after dat knife went into him.

"I say, 'Colonel, you watch me close an' you sholy gits a b'ar.' Den he lafs and sez, 'All right. Ho, I'll keep an eye onto you.'

"We didn't do no huntin' on Sunday, 'ca'se all of us is 'ligious. It was awful quiet in de camp, as we wus all meditat'in' on de foolishness of life and eatin'. I saw de President mos' every minute, and I do say dat he showed himself to be such a fine, good gentleman dat I was always admirin' of him.

"I tell you we done had a grand dinner, such like dey couldn't possibly have at de White House. How could dey git 'possum and b'ar, which we had wif sweet 'taters dat melt in de President's mouf and mak' him look so happy dat he had a good appetite? Den we had turkey gobbler, and dis nigger too perlite to say dat he eat more dan de President. It done mak's me hungry ag'in when I looks back on dat dinner.

"De President says befoah dinner dat he wants to go on a little stroll in de woods. Den one of de gentlemen sez to de President: 'Mistoo President, why doan you take you gun wid you?'

"De President he shakes his head an' walks away. He says: 'No; I ain't been alone since a long time gone, an' I'se goin' be alone for a little while now.'

"I seed what he done. He goes off an' sits down by de crick, an' looks into de water an' at de woods. Spec' he was thinkin', too, but I couldn't tell. Den he gits up an' comes in an' settles down to business a'eatin' of de 'possum an' de b'ar an' de taters an' de gobbler, an' looks like he was wholly happy.

"De President cheer me up, an' de rest, too. He tells me, just like it was nuffin', 'bout some mighty fine hunts he done had over in de Rockies, 'bout shootin'

lions and moose. He say he had some mighty good times, 'But Ho!' he says, 'I gwine tell dat he ain' never had no nicer time anywhere den right here in dese Misippy woods.' Dat's de very words de Colonel sez to me.

"Den he talked to de gentlemen 'bout various things, but I ain't gwine tell you dat, 'case we was talkin' private.

"De same hoodoo was on us de third day, but I done feel sure de President gits a shot at a b'ar. He sholy did nearly git one dat he chased all de way from 8 to 3 o'clock.

"Den what you think dat scoun'rel b'ar do? He breaks away from de dogs and goes shoppin' acrost a ribber, and Ho knows he is done gone for good. Den I tole de gentlemen dere wan't no use goin' no furdur.

"'I spec,' sez de President, laffin, 'dat we ain't goin' git no b'ar dis trip.'

"De President he took de skull of the big b'ar dat Mister Parker stick, and he say dat he take dat skull home to keep. When we gets ready to leave de camp de President was de most jolly of all de gentlemen. Dey all say we hates to leave his camp and de President say it was a d-e-l-i-g-h-t-f-u-l place, jes' like dat."

ADVENTURES WITH GRIZZLIES

The most exciting moments in Roosevelt's western hunting expeditions came when he shouldered his rifle and went out to search for grizzly.

In his book, "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter," he describes several of his experiences with this dangerous animal.

A grizzly he had wounded turned and charged through the brush. He came so swiftly that Roosevelt was not able to aim his rifle at his brain, as he had planned to do. He fired instantly, with both barrels of his magazine Winchester. In those days black powder was used, and the smoke hung. As the hunter fired his last shot, the huge paw of the bear struck at him. Roosevelt escaped it by making a desperate leap to one side. The bear tried to turn in his direction, but in the endeavor fell dead.

At another time Roosevelt and Merrifield went off on a hunt for grizzlies.

Blacktail deer were in the woods, as well as bands of cow and calf elk, but they found no signs of grizzly. Roosevelt and Merrifield separated but later Merrifield joined him and announced that there were bear tracks about ten miles distant. They rode to the spot.

Roosevelt there came across the huge footprints of a great grizzly which had evidently passed a short time before. He followed the tracks in the fading twilight until it became too dark to see them, and had to give up the pursuit as darkness closed in about him.

Merrifield was a skillful tracker, and later he took up the trail at once where it had been left off. The bear's footprints were plain in the dust. The trail turned into a thicket.

Merrifield suddenly sank on one knee. Roosevelt strode past him with his rifle ready. The great bear rose slowly from his bed among young spruces. Suddenly he caught sight of the hunters and dropped on his forepaws, the hair on his neck and shoulders seeming to bristle as he turned toward them.

The bear's head was bent down. Roosevelt looked

squarely into the small, glittering eyes and pulled his trigger. The bear half rose, then toppled over in the death throes. The bullet had gone into his brain.

Merrifield was disappointed. He did not fear a grizzly. He wanted to see the bear come toward them in a typical grizzly charge and to bring him down in the rush. Roosevelt, not so much a veteran at bear-hunting, was satisfied that he had brought down the monstrous fellow before his charge commenced.

Roosevelt wore on his hunting trips a suit of fringed buckskin, similar to that worn by the old wilderness hunter. He carried a 40-90 Winchester, which bore a scar received in a battle with a mountain lion, which occurred in Colorado. When he came to close quarters with the cougar, he thrust the stock of his gun into its mouth. The teeth of the animal sank into the wood, leaving a permanent mark.

To his cartridge belt, a hunting knife was attached. Most of his bullets were soft-nosed, though he also carried bullets encased in steel jackets, for long-distance shooting.

A TOUGH "TENDERFOOT"

The Colonel had all sorts of companions on his hunting trips. Most of his guides or shooting partners were thoroughly congenial, but on one occasion, shortly after he had gone West, he picked a guide who, after they had gone into the lonely mountains, caused trouble. The Colonel thus tells the story in his Autobiography:

"For the only time in all my experience, I had a difficulty with my guide. He was a crippled old mountain man, with a profound contempt for 'tenderfeet,' a contempt that in my case was accentuated by the

fact that I wore spectacles—which at that day and in that region were usually held to indicate a defective moral character in the wearer. He had never previously acted as guide, or, as he expressed it, ‘trundled a tenderfoot,’ and though a good hunter, who showed me much game, our experience together was not happy. He was very rheumatic and liked to lie abed late, so that I usually had to get breakfast, and, in fact, do most of the work around camp. Finally one day he declined to go out with me, saying that he had a pain. When, that afternoon, I got back to camp I speedily found what the ‘pain’ was. We were traveling very light indeed, I having practically nothing but my buffalo sleeping-bag, my wash kit, and a pair of socks. I had also taken a flask of whisky for emergencies—although, as I found that the emergencies never arose and that tea was better than whisky when a man was cold or done out, I abandoned the practice of taking whisky on hunting trips twenty years ago. When I got back to camp the old fellow was sitting on a tree-trunk, very erect with his rifle across his knees, and in response to my nod of greeting he merely leered at me. I leaned my rifle against a tree, walked over to where my bed was lying, and, happening to rummage in it for something, I found the whiskey flask was empty. I turned on him at once and accused him of having drunk it, to which he merely responded by asking what I was going to do about it. There did not seem much to do, so I said that we would part company—we were only four or five days from a settlement—and I would go in alone, taking one of the horses. He responded by cocking his rifle and saying that I could go alone and be damned to me, but I could not take any horse. I

answered 'all right,' that if I could not I could not, and began to move around to get some flour and salt pork. He was misled by my quietness and by the fact that I had not in any way resented either his actions or his language during the days we had been together, and did not watch me as closely as he ought to have done. He was sitting with the cocked rifle across his knees, the muzzle to the left. My rifle was leaning against a tree near the cooking things to his right. Managing to get near it, I whipped it up and threw the bead on him, calling, 'Hands up!' He of course put up his hands, and then said, 'Oh, come, I was only joking'; to which I answered, 'Well, I am not. Now straighten your legs and let your rifle go to the ground.' He remonstrated, saying the rifle would go off, and I told him to let it go off. However, he straightened his legs in such fashion that it came to the ground without a jar. I then made him move back, and picked up the rifle. By this time he was quite sober, and really did not seem angry, looking at me quizzically. He told me that if I would give him back his rifle, he would call it quits and we could go on together. I did not think it best to trust him, so I told him that our hunt was pretty well through, anyway, and that I would go home. There was a blasted pine on the trail, in plain view of the camp, about a mile off, and I told him that I would leave his rifle at that blasted pine if I could see him in camp, but that he must not come after me, for if he did I should assume that it was with hostile intent and would shoot. He said he had no intention of coming after me; and as he was very much crippled with rheumatism, I did not believe he would do so.

"Accordingly I took the little mare, with nothing but some flour, bacon, and tea, and my bed-roll, and started off. At the blasted pine I looked around, and as I could see him in camp, I left his rifle there. I then traveled till dark, and that night, for the only time in my experience, I used in camping a trick of the old-time trappers in the Indian days. I did not believe I would be followed, but still it was not possible to be sure, so, after getting supper, while my pony fed round, I left the fire burning, repacked the mare and pushed ahead until it literally became so dark that I could not see. Then I picketed the mare, slept where I was without a fire until the first streak of dawn, and then pushed on for a couple of hours before halting to take breakfast and to let the little mare have a good feed. No plainsman needs to be told that a man should not lie near a fire if there is danger of an enemy creeping up on him, and that above all a man should not put himself in a position where he can be ambushed at dawn. On this second day I lost the trail, and toward night-fall gave up the effort to find it, camped where I was, and went out to shoot a grouse for supper.

"When I reached the settlement and went into the store, the storekeeper identified me by remarking: 'You're the tenderfoot that old Hank was trundling, ain't you?' I admitted that I was."

A COUGAR HUNT

In 1901, Roosevelt entered the Rockies for a five-week cougar hunt. The chase is made with hounds, and John B. Goff, the hunter who led the party, had a pack that was trained to follow and bring down cougars, bobcats and even bears. It took three of

these dogs to kill a female cougar, and they could keep a big male in check until the hunters approached to kill it with a knife.

The hunters followed the dogs on horses, which were hardy animals that could climb hills and rocks with the sureness of goats.

The cougar, called by some writers panther, puma, mountain lion or Mexican lion, is a strange creature that is timid one moment and bloodthirsty the next. It kills sheep, pigs and colts, and loves to feed on mountain sheep. Sometimes it even attacks children. When pursued by dogs it takes to a tree. Goff and his dogs had in this way killed three hundred of them.

Snow had fallen on the ground covered by the hunt and Roosevelt and his comrades were able to track the cougars by their footprints. They could tell too by the trail where the cougars had killed deer or other beasts. The party killed fourteen cougars, measuring in length from four to eight feet.

The largest cougar killed was brought down by a knife-thrust delivered by Roosevelt. The baying of the dogs told the hunters that they had found and treed the brute. The men came up and found the dogs growling and snarling around the tree. Three of the dogs had been badly scratched and bitten. To have shot at the cougar would have been to endanger the dogs. Therefore, while three of the dogs engaged the animal, biting and pulling at its head, Roosevelt found a way to deliver its death-blow.

Another cougar kept up a low savage growling as Roosevelt approached, glaring at him with its yellow eyes, waiting for a chance to claw or bite him, but he killed this one with a bullet.

ABERNETHY AND THE WOLF

Another exciting hunt with horses and dogs came when Roosevelt followed John Abernethy in a chase after coyotes. Here Roosevelt was more of a spectator than a performer, watching while Abernethy mounted on a tough white horse and accompanied by greyhounds, started to pursue a coyote. They chased the coyote until it was tired and until all the greyhounds except one had grown weary and fallen back. The hunter at last overtook it and headed it off. The greyhound made a rush, pinned it by its hind leg, and threw it.

The wolf bit the greyhound and the dog let go. At this, Abernethy leaped from his horse and sprang on top of the wolf. With one hand he held the reins of his horse. With the other he jammed his thickly gloved hand down the wolf's throat, seizing the lower jaw and bending it so that the wolf could not bite him. He held the wolf in this way until it stopped its struggles. Roosevelt, when he came up, found Abernethy sitting on the live wolf with as much ease as if it were a cushion.

IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

Yellowstone Park, in which the comrades Roosevelt and Burroughs spent sixteen days of keen enjoyment, has a background of history well worth exploring. When, in 1804-6, Lewis and Clark made their famous pioneer trip across the continent, they sent a map to President Thomas Jefferson in which they gave the name "Yellow Stone" to a river which emptied into the Missouri. The reason for this name lies in the fact that it embraces the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone,

the walls of which are brilliantly colored with tints of yellow and orange.

Geysers abound in these regions, and it is said that the Indians avoided this locality because of their fear of what seemed to them to belong to the supernatural.

Fifty years passed after the discovery of the headwaters of the Yellowstone before this remarkable region began to be known to the people of America. Trappers and hunters were its only inhabitants.

The place now known as Yellowstone Park was first discovered by a private soldier named John Colter, who was a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition. He was released by them at his own request, in order that he might trap beavers. His chiefs wrote of him:

"The example of this man shows how easily men may be weaned from the habits of civilized life to the ruder but scarcely less fascinating manners of the woods."

Colter, parting company with the expedition, explored alone what is now Yellowstone Park and later described his journeys to Lewis and Clark, who charted them from his descriptions.

In one of his trips Colter was captured by Indians and told to run for his life. He outstripped a hundred savages, seized the spear of the only Indian who could overtake him, and slew him. Eleven days later, naked and almost starved, he reached a fort.

The Yellowstone expedition of 1870, known as the Washburn-Doane expedition, discovered marvelous falls, geysers and hot springs as well as superbly beautiful landscapes, and convinced the nation of the importance of preserving the wonders of the region, and in 1872 Congress passed a bill creating it a game preserve and a public park.

When Roosevelt and John Burroughs visited Yellowstone Park, the Colonel was much amused to learn that the bears which lived in the park had become so used to seeing tourists that they were for the most part tame and friendly.

It was a common sight, indeed, to see in the summer months the bears come up to the back of the hotels and feed from the garbage heaps. Sometimes, in digging through the garbage, empty tin cans stuck on their paws. On one occasion, the old guide, Buffalo Jones, seeing a bear with a tin can on its paw which it was unable to dislodge, lassoed the bear, tied him up, and cut the tin can off his paw.

To Roosevelt, who had been used to hunting grizzlies in their native wilds, it was strange to read notices posted on the trees warning tourists that the bears were really wild animals and should not be fed or teased. He heard that one tourist, deciding to find out how near he could come to a bear, approached so near that he was knocked down by an ill-tempered she-bear. The man's wife, however, came to the rescue, and drove the bear off—with her umbrella!

Sometimes the bears, not satisfied with what they found in the garbage, entered the kitchens, drove the cooks away from their food, and helped themselves to it.

One hotel manager complained to the park supervisor that as many as seventeen bears approached in an evening at his garbage heap. He asked that a trooper be sent to keep tourists from coming too close to the bears and suggested, not the driving off of the bears, but the arrest of two campers!

XII. THE RANCHER RETURNS TO THE EAST

*"All day on the prair-ee in the saddle I ride,
Not even a dog, boys, to trot by my side;
My fire I must kindle with chips gathered round;
And boil my own coffee without being ground.
I wash in a pool and I wipe on a sack;
I car-ree my ward-robe all on my own back;
My books are the brooks and my sermon the stones;
My parson's a wolf on a pulpit of bones."*

—OLD TRAIL SONG.

ROOSEVELT was forced to admit that his ranching enterprise was a failure. For a long time he hesitated to look this fact in the face. He had invested about \$125,000 in cattle and horses (of horses alone there were one hundred on his ranch) and he had done this against the wishes of some of his business advisers in the East.

When Roosevelt first looked into the prospects of making money by cattle-raising, the outlook was promising, but shortly after he entered the business the price of cattle began to go down, and the drop continued steadily during his career as a ranchman. The Bad Lands had proved themselves to be as bad for cattle as for the other things that had earned them their name. The winters were very hard and long and the summer suns scorched and dried up the vegetation. Many of the cattle died.

After spending two years and four months in trying to put his ranches on a profitable basis, his friend Dow returned from Chicago, to which place he had gone to

sell several hundred heads of cattle, with the report that the market's price for the stock was \$10 less per head than the sum it had cost to raise the cattle and ship them to the stock-yards. This meant a severe loss and the prospects were that the losses would grow greater in the future.

Roosevelt hated to own that he was beaten; yet he was courageous enough to admit that he could not fight against summer droughts and blighting winter storms. He decided to abandon cattle-raising. His agreement with Sewall and Dow had resolved itself into an arrangement to share the profits with them—if there were any to share. Should there be losses they were to lose nothing, and were to be paid wages regularly.

Sewall and Dow had brought their wives to the ranch—which made the place vastly more home-like for Roosevelt and all concerned.

Babies had come, too—"the Bad Land Babies" they were called. Cowboys came from near and far to see the infants, and Roosevelt, with his fondness for children, was of course, delighted to have them on the ranch. But the ranch home was to be abandoned.

Long before the end of the ranching venture, Sewall had had an inkling that the East would call his employer back to it. When the two started ranching, Roosevelt told Sewall that he had nothing to live for; that all that was dear to him lay buried in the East. As time went by this feeling passed away. He took several trips to New York to consult with his publishers; to talk over old times with his friends; and to put his finger on the pulse of politics.

Bill predicted to him that the country would some

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day call him to be President. It seemed like a wild dream to the young rancher, and he scoffed at the thought. But the voice of the people was beginning to be heard even then. His friends in the East wanted him to run for Mayor of New York City.

It was to Sewall and Dow that the young ranch-owner first spoke of his intention to give up cattle-raising.

Sewall and Dow and their wives said with one voice that they would go back East too. Roosevelt had become engaged to Miss Edith Kermit Carow, the companion of his boyhood, and the new avenues of life which were opening for him in his home city helped to soothe the hurt he felt at giving up his life in the West.

Roosevelt ran for Mayor of New York on an Independent ticket shortly after he came East, and made a vigorous campaign. The fight, however, was a hopeless one from the start. Tammany Hall nominated a good candidate, Abram S. Hewitt, and Hewitt won.

Roosevelt went abroad. In December, at St. George's Church, London, he married Miss Carow. The ceremony was performed by a canon of the English Church who was a cousin of the bride. Miss Carow, like Roosevelt, had traveled widely, and was a woman of broad culture. Roosevelt's letters to his children are full of loving references to his wife, and one can read a wealth of devotion between the lines. He brought his bride back to the new house he had built two years before, now known to the country as Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay.

Although Roosevelt kept possession of his ranches for several years more, and returned to them on sev-

eral hunting expeditions, his days as a cattleman were over. Some of his Western neighbors took over his cattle on shares, but the following winter proved to be one of the hardest that had ever visited the Bad Lands. The snow lay so deep that it was impossible to ride a horse a mile. The cattle perished by thousands. He found his stock lying dead everywhere. Roosevelt got very little money back out of the stock he had left behind him. At the close of winter he went West to count the damage. In a letter to Sewall and Dow he summed up the losses in this way:

"You boys were lucky to get out when you did; if you had waited till this spring I guess it would have been a case of walking."

In 1900, Roosevelt on a trip to Helena, Montana, stopped off at Medora. A reporter for the New York Telegraph who went with him on the trip thus described the scenes and incidents of the visit:

"The creaking, weather-beaten ruins of the old packing house and stockyard built in that treeless and almost waterless wilderness by the ill-fated Marquis de Mores were yet standing, looted to the owl, the prairie dog and the coyote, when the little crowd of old neighbors (they had ridden in from incredible distances) grabbed him in their arms on the station platform, called him 'Teddy' and allowed that he hadn't changed 'so's you could notice it.' And I found that they didn't lionize him as a mighty hunter, nor yet as a rough-riding Centaur, nor even as a crack shot with pistol or rifle. For these were not uncommon qualifications in that country and Roosevelt did not equal, much less excel, his old comrades of the trail either as a horseman or marksman.

"I was a bit disappointed to find, for instance, that 'Old Man' Myers, Roosevelt's old ranch cook, dated his first access of admiration for the Colonel to the day when the outfit, hungry and tired, ran out of flour and had to eat biscuits made of ground cow peas. 'Y' never heard such a holler in yer life as them buckaroos put up,' said Myers, 'every larrupin' cowpuncher in the bunch let out a squawk 'cept th' tenderfoot. Teddy never hollered a-tall, and et 'em like he liked 'em. I been for him ever sence.'

"'Standing the gaff' is what they call it out West, but it was Roosevelt's uncomplaining and even cheerful patience under hardship, accident and ridicule that made him 'strong' with the range riders and hunters of the old Medora days. Many a broncho 'outlaw' worsted him in his early efforts at 'bustin' those energetic man-haters, and his persistent attempts to hold his own with the hip-shots and hair-trigger riflemen of the region came very near saddling him with the nickname of 'Telescope Teddy' because in addition to the thick lenses of his eyeglasses he had all of the 'long guns' fitted with small telescopes for long-distance shooting.

"'He couldn't hit a flock o' ranch houses without his spyglass,' Myers told me, 'but oncet he spotted it, he could cut off a kiote's tail runnin!'"

"And I found that his old neighbors out there loved him chiefly because he had the grit to keep on trying, and the stamina which prevents strong characters from changing 'so's you can notice it'."

If Roosevelt and his lieutenants failed to become cattlekings, there were many other benefits derived from his career as a plainsman whose value more than com-

pensated him for his losses. He returned East with hardened lungs, a strong constitution; an ability to take hard knocks and do the work of three or four ordinary men. He found time to write the life of Thomas Hart Benton, who was one of the first statesmen to arise to national prominence from the country west of the Mississippi; and to become a valued contributor to great magazines. He knew how to talk and act with all sorts of men. He said, later in his career, that his experience in democracy while on the plains helped to make him President.

XIII. THE MEN WITH THE "NIGHT-STICKS"

"DON'T go—you are needed here in Washington!" The speaker was U. S. Civil Service Commissioner John A. Procter, and the man he spoke to was Theodore Roosevelt.

Procter was one of those who tried to dissuade Roosevelt from accepting the invitation that now came to him from Mayor Strong of New York to become President of the Board of Police Commissioners for the metropolis.

New York City, in electing Mayor Strong, had registered its opinion that the time had come to reform its police department. Roosevelt seemed to be an ideal man for the office.

During the six years following Roosevelt's return from the West, he had filled the office of U. S. Civil Service Commissioner. When President Benjamin Harrison appointed him to the position he had desired instead to be Assistant Secretary of State, but he did not sulk. His friends told him the office was too small for him. He proved that they were wrong. For six years he toiled with marked success to make it easy for ambitious, hard-working young men to gain a place in the government service without political influence, and when he left the office his successful battle against spoilsmen had made him a national figure. Thousands of obscure young men and women remembered with gratitude that he had made it possible for them to succeed by their own efforts instead of by "pull."

"Old friend!" Roosevelt said to Procter when the latter protested against his taking charge of Manhattan's police force, "I have made up my mind that it is right for me to go."

That settled it—he went. The letter that President Cleveland sent him in accepting his resignation showed how much this sturdy Democrat appreciated Roosevelt's vigorous and fearless conduct in office.

"I have come to help—
Theodore Roosevelt."

One day Jacob Riis, a reporter on the New York Sun, found a visiting card on his desk with this message scrawled on it.

Riis was a man with ideals. When he saw the condition of the poor in the crowded slums of the metropolis, he was moved to give all the time he could spare from his daily work to make life easier for them. To create a public sentiment that would remove the wrongs that were done to the poor who inhabited the dark streets and ramshackle tenements of the East Side, he wrote "How the Other Half Lives."

Roosevelt, as President of the Police Board, and as member of the Health Board, felt that Jacob Riis had written a personal message to him, and he enlisted in the work.

"I thought the storm center was in New York," Roosevelt said when he accepted the office of Police Commissioner, "and so I came here. It is a great piece of practical work. I like to take hold of work that has been done by a Tammany leader and do it as well, only by approaching it from the opposite direc-

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tion. The thing that attracted me to it was that it was to be done in the hurly-burly, for I don't like cloister life."

New York City was prey to the "system." Bribery, blackmail, gambling, every form of law-breaking, thrived. This net of evil was spun in Tammany Hall, which then earned itself a notoriety from which it has never been able to free itself. This net spread out over saloons, gambling houses, policy-shops, and other evil places.

Evil-doers paid political leaders for "protection"; the sum collected from various sources of evil amounted to millions yearly. These same political bosses controlled the appointment of police officers and patrolmen—indeed the policeman who could pay \$200 for the next higher post, was sure of obtaining it, no matter how unfit he was. A police lieutenant who could raise \$10,000 to pay to the politicians could thus gain a captaincy. Securing place and promotion by these means, some of the police lost their sense of honor and became the tools of the bosses in their blackmailing. The honest policeman seemed to have no chance. Many of them stayed honest but their lot was a hard one. To give encouragement to such men, Roosevelt took pleasure in discovering and promoting honest, efficient and courageous officers.

Policeman A, while patrolling a lonely part of his beat, came upon three young highwaymen who were robbing a pedler. The officer darted to the rescue, using his night-stick to subdue the thugs. One of them attacked him with a bludgeon and broke his left hand. Despite the pain, the policeman plied his night-stick with such vim that he knocked down and captured two

of the thieves and brought them both to the station house. He then went to the hospital; had his broken hand set, and went back to duty, without losing an hour. He never mentioned his courageous deed, and it was only by accident that the details came to the attention of the police commissioners. They promoted him to a roundsman.

Officer B was asleep in his home when a fire broke out a few doors away. He ran across roofs, and found that four women and a baby were in an apartment on the fourth floor, cut off from the doors and windows by flames. He descended to a fourth-story window of the house next door, crossed to the burning house by gaining foothold on a three-inch coping, and by holding on to the framing of the windows, and finally reached the women and the child. Taking them one by one, he bore them back the same way he had come, while the firemen, who had just arrived, held a net beneath them. All were saved, and then, as an officer of the law, he arrested the two men whose carelessness had caused the fire. He was promoted.

Officer C was suddenly summoned by Roosevelt to appear before him. This policeman had grown gray in the service. He had no political backing. In the twenty-three years of his service he had gained no promotion beyond that of roundsman, yet Roosevelt had found out that in his career as a policeman he had saved twenty-nine lives. Roosevelt had him made a sergeant and in honor of the promotion the veteran went out and rescued a man from drowning, leaping out into the dark, chill waters of the river to do this act.

The men whose profits were hurt when Roosevelt

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enforced the law threatened to kill him. Threats of assassination were in every mail. One day a bomb was sent to him, wound up to explode at a certain time, but a policeman discovered it and saved the Commissioner. He said to Dr. F. C. Iglehart, the Methodist clergyman who was one of his strongest supporters:

"But I am not afraid of one of them singly or all of them together. There are gunmen in this city that would kill me and kill you for \$100, and there are many that would put up the money, but bad men are miserable cowards. I am not afraid of one of them, and I will go down on the East Side as often as I please and as late at night as I care to, and I will be hunting them while they are hunting me, and I tell you, my friend, if I succeed in this task, my life and your life and the lives of our citizens will be far more secure and New York will be a safer and better city." He continued, "Doctor, life is a tragedy; there is a risk at every step of the way, and duty too. I shall do duty and leave the risk to God. It is only the weakling and the coward that halts at danger; it is the true man who scorns it and does what is right. These threats are only a challenge to greater courage and a more strenuous fight."

After several months, there came a summing up of the situation. Sunday brawls, and arrests for crimes due to drunkenness had been done away with; savings banks reported increased deposits; mothers and children gave thanks for Sabbath days unmarred by the drunken moods of their husbands and fathers.

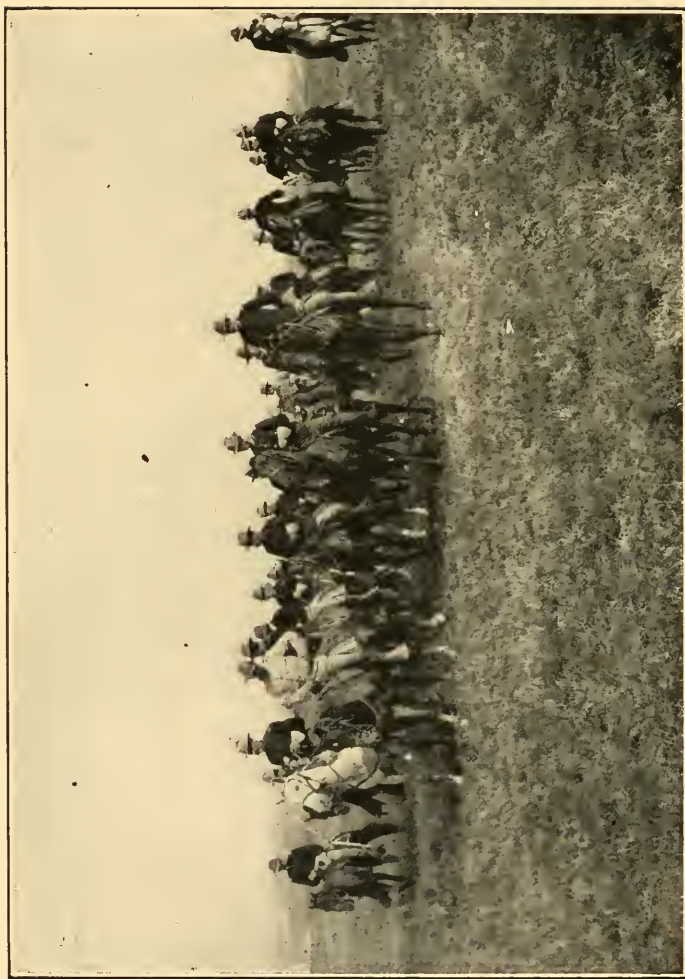
Certain newspapers and political leaders tried to suppress him by conspiring to abolish his office. This

scheme was discovered by the moral elements of the city and opposed so strongly that it was dropped.

It was such things that made Roosevelt's task a heartbreaking one, and that at last led him to resign his position for the large task that loomed ahead of him in the Navy Department.

To Dr. Iglehart he said:

"President McKinley has appointed me Assistant Secretary of the Navy. * * * It looks like the Lord is on my side, to give me an honorable way out of this beastly job, thankless and perplexing to the highest degree. And yet I am not sorry I tackled it and gave two years of my life to it. I have gotten good discipline for anything else that may follow in life."



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COLONEL ROOSEVELT LEADING THE "ROUGH RIDERS"

A WAR ROAD

XIV. PREPARING OUR NAVY FOR WAR

THE United States Navy was getting ready for war. Neither the Secretary of the Navy or his vigorous young Assistant Secretary, Roosevelt, would talk about it in public; but there was proof on every hand that the battle fleets of the United States were being made ready for a conflict.

"Who is back of this?" the people asked. "Theodore Roosevelt," said men who knew. He was getting information about merchant vessels that could be used as an auxiliary navy. He was buying coal and storing it at basic points. He was purchasing old vessels and refitting them as colliers. He was recruiting stalwart, fearless young men and spending fortunes in teaching them how to handle big guns. It had come to be the talk of Congress—the amount he had spent for ammunition. Not satisfied with the first large sum granted him, he had asked for a second one, and when he had been questioned as to where the first money had gone, he had boldly replied:

"Every cent of it has been spent for powder and shot."

"What will you do with the additional amount?" a Congressman asked.

"It will be spent within the next 30 days for practice shooting!"

"A rash, head-strong, impulsive man!" said pacifists. A far-sighted, well-balanced man the country found him when war with Spain became a fact.

Amid the rush of war preparation, Roosevelt found time to remember and record amusing occurrences:

"One day in the Spring of 1898," he wrote, "when it fell to my lot to get the navy ready for war, I and my naval aide, Lieutenant Sharpe, went out to buy auxiliary cruisers. On that particular day we had spent about \$7,000,000. It began to rain. 'Sharpe,' I said, 'I have only four cents in my pocket. Lend me a cent or five cents, will you, so that I can ride home?'"

"Sharpe answered, 'I haven't a single cent,' and I answered him, 'Never mind, Sharpe, that's why we will beat the Spaniards! It isn't every country where two public servants could spend \$7,000,000 and not have a cent in their pockets after they are through.'"

On Sunday morning in March, 1898, Roosevelt was discussing with Francis S. Leupp the report that Cervera's squadron was about to sail for Cuba.

"'If I could do what I pleased,' he exclaimed, 'I would send Spain notice today that we should consider her dispatch of that squadron a hostile act. Then, if she didn't heed the warning, she would have to take the consequences.'"

"'You are sure,' Leupp asked, 'that it is with unfriendly intent that she is sending the squadron?'"

"'What else can it be? The Cubans have no navy; therefore the squadrons cannot be coming to fight the insurgents. The only naval power interested in Cuban affairs is the United States. Spain is simply forestalling the "brush" which she knows, as we do, is coming sooner or later.'"

“‘And if she refused to withdraw the orders to Cervera’—

“‘I should send out a squadron to meet his on the high seas and smash it! Then I would force the fighting from that day to the end of the war,’” Roosevelt replied.

Major-General Leonard Wood, writing in the Metropolitan Magazine of Roosevelt in these days, gives this picture of the Assistant Secretary, fighting to overcome the backwardness of his timid chief:

“Secretary Long, much exhausted by long, hard service and anxiety, decided to take a short leave. The Colonel and I always took an afternoon run as soon as he could get out of his office and I could finish my work. On this particular day, he came up to my house on R Street, panting hard. He had been running all the way up Connecticut Avenue. As soon as I came out on the steps he said, ‘Leonard, I have done some real work this afternoon. Mr. Long went off to take a rest, a much-needed rest.’—And with great emphasis—‘I was Secretary of the Navy this afternoon for some three or four hours, and the responsibility for action was mine. I have mobilized everything at Mare Island, at League Island; I have bought thousands of tons of coal in the Far East for the fleet; I have directed a certain concentration of ships now in the Far Eastern waters under Dewey.’ Then he stopped a minute to catch his breath; he said, ‘You know, I think Mr. Long will be back in the morning very early, but I have done what I could to get the Navy ready.’

“Next day, I asked, ‘Did Secretary Long come back?’ ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘he was in the office earlier than he had ever been before, and it is a question now whether I

am sustained or he. I think the President is going to sustain me.' And he did. The young Assistant Secretary of the Navy, filled with the conviction that war was upon us, and realizing the importance of being ready; unafraid of responsibility, had, in his short period of full authority, done what he deemed best. Subsequent events proved that his action was a wise and far-seeing one. One of far-reaching effect in securing sea control in the Far East and victory in the Philippines."

General Wood thus testifies to the cordial relations existing between McKinley and Roosevelt:

"President McKinley, one of the best and most lovable of men, whose real worth and character were too little understood by many, was thoroughly familiar with the views of his Assistant Secretary of the Navy and my own and he understood and appreciated them. When I came in in the morning, he would laughingly ask, 'Well, have you and Theodore declared war yet?' and I sometimes replied, 'No, Mr. President, we have not, but we think you should take steps in that direction, sir.' One night, after we had been talking for some time about the probability of war, the President said with great seriousness, 'I shall never sanction war until all efforts to obtain our ends by other means have failed, and only when I am sure that God and man approve. I have been through one great war. I have seen the dead scattered over many battlefields—I have seen the suffering and I do not want to see another unless the cause of right and humanity make it necessary. I pray God we may escape it!' And hesitating a moment, he continued, 'But the intolerable situation in Cuba must be terminated, even if it has to be done

through war.' The President at that time was bearing bravely the heavy burden of serious illness in his family, illness which taxed him to the uttermost, and struggling against a peace-at-any-price group; but rapidly reaching the conclusion that war was inevitable."

Secretary Long wrote generously of Roosevelt when the latter resigned to go to the front:

"He was heart and soul in his work. His typewriters had no rest. He, like most of us, lacks the rare knack of brevity. He was especially stimulating to the young officers who gathered about him and made his office as busy as a hive. He was especially helpful in the purchasing of ships and in every line where he could push on the work of preparation for war. Almost as soon, however, as it was declared, he resigned the assistant-secretaryship of the navy to accept the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Rough Rider regiment in the army. * * * He had the dash of Henry of Navarre without any of his vices. His room in the Navy Department after his decision to enter the army, which preceded for some time his resignation as Assistant Secretary, was an interesting scene. It bubbled over with enthusiasm, and was filled with bright young fellows from all over the country, college graduates and old associates from the Western ranches, all eager to serve with Roosevelt. The Rough Rider uniform was in evidence; it climbed the steps of the Navy Department; it filled the corridors; guns, uniforms, all sorts of military traps, and piles of papers littered the Assistant Secretary's room, but it was all the very inspiration of young manhood."

President McKinley, foreseeing that war with Spain over Cuba was almost sure to come, now began to

plan that there would be no alliance of other European powers with Spain. To accomplish this he sent John Hay, the distinguished American diplomat, to London.

Lord Salisbury was then the Premier of Great Britain, and was a strong friend to America. Other influential British statesmen were also well disposed towards this country.

Russia, seeing that the war was approaching, made proposals to England that Spain should be persuaded to sell or exchange Cuba. By this plan England was to become the possessor of the island, and was to add it to her other West Indian territory. If the United States objected, it was to be hinted that both England and Russia favored the plan, and would go to the length of war to carry it through. Germany was to be persuaded to agree to this plan and France, being then allied with Russia, could not oppose it.

Lord Salisbury refused to involve his country in the scheme. He stated that the Cuban situation was a matter that concerned only Spain and the United States; that Britain would be neutral if they fought, and would expect other European nations to remain neutral.

Spain appealed to her friend, Austria, and Austria in turn asked her allies, Germany and Italy, to take sides with Spain against the United States, but the German Emperor was cautious and held aloof, while Italy, which was on good terms with England, could not be persuaded to take part against her. France, when appealed to, also decided to stay neutral.

Thus Mr. Hay was enabled to cable to President McKinley that if Spain did not yield to the just demands

of the United States she would have no aid from other European powers.

The scene shifted to Washington, where the Spanish Ambassador sought to persuade the ministers who represented the other European countries to prevent the United States taking action against Spain. Here, too, Britain, acting through Sir Julian Pauncefote, refused to take sides against the United States and thus blocked Spain's efforts.

Later, at Manila, Captain Chichester, commanding the British warship "Powerful," thwarted Admiral Diederichs, the German commander, when he attempted to interfere with Admiral Dewey's operations.

When Spain was defeated and asked for peace, Great Britain again stood back of the United States in the dispute concerning the possession of the Philippine Islands. Spain wanted a European power to buy the Philippines from her in order that the United States might not control them. Germany, desiring to have a foothold in the East, was anxious to secure the Philippines. Great Britain, however, announced that as long as the United States decided to hold the islands, no other countries should interfere.

These things show that in a period when almost the entire world was hostile to us, Great Britain remained our friend.

XV. GIVING DEWEY AND SIMS THEIR CHANCE

WHEN Admiral Dewey captured the Spanish fleet in Manila harbor at the beginning of our hostilities with Spain, few Americans knew of the part Roosevelt had played in this great naval drama.

"I knew," Roosevelt said, "that in the event of war Dewey could be slipped like a wolf-hound from a leash; I was sure that if he was given half a chance he would strike instantly and with telling effect; and I made up my mind that all I could do to give him that half-chance should be done. I was in the closest touch with Senator Lodge throughout this period, and either consulted him about or notified him of all the moves I was taking. By the end of February I felt it was vital to send Dewey (as well as each of our other commanders who were not in home waters) instructions that would enable him to be in readiness for immediate action."

The naval board ordered the battleship *Olympia* sent home. Roosevelt had the order revoked, and sent instead this telegram:

"Dewey, Hong Kong:

"Order the squadron, except the *Monocacy*, to Hong Kong. Keep full of coal. In the event of declaration of war Spain, your duty will be to see that the Spanish squadron does not leave the Asiatic coast, and then offensive operations in Philippine Islands. Keep *Olympia* until further orders. ROOSEVELT."

Later, when war had been declared, he sent a still more thrilling message to the tense Commodore:

"Capture or destroy!"

The nation knows how gallantly Dewey obeyed orders.

And now comes into our narrative a certain naval lieutenant named Sims.

As a youth Sims, when the appointment to the Naval Academy for his district had gone begging, took the entrance examination and failed.

Next year, the position being still open, he tried again. He barely passed; to use his own words, he "just scraped in." He graduated in 1880—in the same year Roosevelt graduated from Harvard. For fifteen years, there being little activity in our then insignificant navy, he led an uneventful life. At the time of the Spanish War he was forty-three, and still a lieutenant. He was then in charge of secret service work in Spain, Russia and Italy and his duty was to keep our naval officials informed as to the conditions of other squadrons. Two years prior to this time he had begun to send to the Navy Department from his post at the China station reports that criticised both the boats of our navy and the way in which they were being handled. So embarrassing were his letters that the naval bureaucrats at Washington destroyed them.

In 1895 Captain Perry Scott of the British Navy had made the discovery of continuous aim, by which a British gunner was enabled, at a distance of 1600 yards, to make eight hits out of eight shots—a marvelous record.

Lieutenant Sims looked into this development in shooting and reported to Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary, that American gunnery compared badly with that of the British Navy. With the exception of Wainwright, the other officials in the Navy Department

advised Roosevelt that Sims was over-fond of sending in alarming reports, and Roosevelt admits that he partly agreed with this view. The Spanish-American war was then looming up. There was no time for new methods. The matter was suspended.

Sims, however, had made an impression upon Roosevelt by his earnest reports and when the war ended and the latter was suddenly elevated to the Presidency, he again took up the matter of marksmanship. Sims was given charge of the work of training our gunners and the President testified that in the course of six years, he made our Navy's fighting efficiency three times as effective.

In November, 1906, Roosevelt went for a cruise on the battleship Louisiana. In a letter to Theodore, Jr., he expressed his pride at the great warship with its perfect equipment and its splendid personnel. He contrasted its clean and healthful arrangements; the excellent food and the other modern features of life in the United States Navy, with the wretched conditions which prevailed in the time of the seafaring hero of Smollett's novel, and expressed his belief that the officers and men of today are better fighters than the seamen who served under Nelson or Drake.

On this trip Roosevelt attended a "garrison meeting" of enlisted men, in the torpedo-room of the ship. He was introduced as "comrade and shipmate Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States."

XVI. "DAVID AND JONATHAN" BECOME LEADERS OF
THE "ROUGH RIDERS"

*"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."*

THERE is one man who can tell us better than anyone else what kind of a man Roosevelt was at the time of the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. That man is Major-General Leonard Wood—his close comrade.

General Wood, in the Metropolitan Magazine, gives us this vivid picture of the Colonel in the days of the Spanish War:

"In 1897 he came to Washington as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He was at the height of his energetic manhood, thirty-eight or thirty-nine years of age, physically hard as nails,—a fighter who was beginning to worry the faint-hearted by his demands for vigor in national and international affairs,—a keen-visioned and patriotic American who saw storm clouds ahead and realized the need of making ready in advance. In me he found a keen sympathizer, for I had seen enough of Washington to feel that we were rather drifting with the tide in all which pertained to preparedness for possible trouble.

"From the very beginning of our acquaintance we were thrown much in each other's company. We were both fond of exercise in the open, and did a great deal of tramping and climbing up and down the banks and cliffs of the Potomac, where it was rough enough to give

us a bit of hard work, and took long tramps and runs in such rough country as we could find about Washington.

"New national problems were looming up. Already the country was becoming stirred to indignant protest by reports of atrocities in Cuba, and the heroic but desperate struggle of the Cubans for independence was making strong appeals to American sympathy.

"Many Americans who had espoused the cause of Cuba were already serving in the Cuban ranks, and there was more and more talk of war with Spain. Each day's events were bringing it nearer and nearer.

"Roosevelt was outspoken in his views as to our duty toward Cuba. The suffering of the Cubans, the conditions of starvation and pestilence which surrounded them, moved his sympathies. Our delay aroused his indignant protest. He saw the 'blood of the Cubans on the steps of the White House' if we did not intervene.

"Finally, war did come. Every day he had been growing more and more impatient to go. On the other hand, I felt very strongly that he could render the best service by remaining in the Navy Department. It seemed to me that, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he was really a great driving force in that Department. He felt, however, that he had done pretty much all that he could do in the Navy; he realized the unpreparedness of the Spanish Navy, and felt sure that our Navy would be able to handle the situation afloat, and that his place was really in the fighting line, and one day he announced definitely that he had decided to go. 'I cannot remain here in Washington. I have been telling people to go; I have been urging war, and I am going to take an active part in it myself.'

"As an officer he was thoroughly subordinate and absolutely loyal. Some one said to me, 'Well, you are going to have trouble with Theodore as a subordinate.' There was absolutely nothing of the sort. He was a most subordinate and efficient officer. He knew perfectly the line between subordination and servility. There never was any difficulty. He would always give his opinion very frankly and then carry out orders to the letter, regardless as to whether or not his views were accepted."

In his book "The Rough Riders," Roosevelt gives this account of the selection of Wood and himself for the command of the famous regiment:

"Wood hoped he might get a commission in his native State of Massachusetts; but in Massachusetts, as in every other State, it proved there were ten men who wanted to go to the war for every chance to go. Then we thought we might get positions as field-officers under an old friend of mine, Colonel—now General—Francis V. Greene, of New York, the Colonel of the Seventy-first; but again there were no vacancies.

"Our doubts were resolved when Congress authorized the raising of these cavalry regiments from among the wild riders and riflemen of the Rockies and the Great Plains. During Wood's service in the Southwest he had commanded not only regulars and Indian scouts, but also white frontiersmen. In the Northwest I had spent much of my time, for many years, either on my ranch or in long hunting trips, and had lived and worked for months together with the cowboy and the mountain hunter, faring in every way precisely as they did.

"Secretary Alger offered me the command of one of

these regiments. If I had taken it, being entirely inexperienced in military work, I should not have known how to get it equipped most rapidly, for I should have spent valuable weeks in learning its needs, with the result that I should have missed the Santiago campaign, and might not even have had the consolation prize of going to Porto Rico. Fortunately, I was wise enough to tell the Secretary that while I believed I could learn to command the regiment in a month, yet it was just this very month which I could not afford to spare, and that therefore I would be quite content to go as Lieutenant-Colonel, if he would make Wood Colonel.

"This was entirely satisfactory to both the President and Secretary, and, accordingly Wood and I were speedily commissioned as Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry. This was the official title of the regiment, but for some reason or other the public promptly christened us the 'Rough Riders.' At first we fought against the use of the term, but to no purpose, and when finally the Generals of Division and Brigade began to write in formal communications about our regiment as the 'Rough Riders,' we adopted the term ourselves."

Orders at last came to move from San Antonio to Tampa, the point of embarkment for Cuba, but no trains were provided. Roosevelt solved this problem by taking possession of a string of empty coal cars. The engineer, in response to his appeal, started to Tampa, and the officers and men reached that port covered with coal dust, but jubilant at beholding their transports waiting.

There were thirty transports. Each carried fifteen thousand men. They were convoyed by battle ships and

torpedo boats. Just as our American boys, crowded together, sailed to Europe to do their part in the world war, so these men sailed to free Cuba. On June 22d, the fleet came to anchor a few miles from Santiago.

In letters from the camp at Santiago Roosevelt wrote to Ethel of funny little lizards that scurried about the dusty roads and then stood still with their heads up; of beautiful red cardinal cuckoo birds and tanagers; of ground doves and of gorgeous flowers; of the dust and mosquitoes among which he made his bed; and of the terrific tropical storm that blew down his tent and hammock, turned the dust to mud, and left him sprawled in it!

XVII. THROUGH CUBAN JUNGLES

*"Never they wait nor waver, but on they climb and on,
With 'Up with the flag of the Stripes and Stars, and down with
the flag of the Don!
What should they bear through the shot-rent air but rout to the
ranks of Spain,
For the blood that throbs in their hearts is the blood of the
boys of Anthony Wayne!
See, they have taken the trenches! Where are the foemen?
Gone!
And now 'Old Glory' waves in the breeze from the heights of
San Juan!
And so, while the dead are laureled, the brave of the elder years,
A song, we say, for the men of to-day who have proved them-
selves their peers!"*

—CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THE Rough Riders, in their eagerness to get into the thick of the fight, had boarded the transports out of turn, and when the ships arrived off Daiquiri, near Santiago, they disembarked out of turn—for the same good reason. They marched from Diaquiri to Siboney, a nearby town, through a drenching rain, and when they arrived dried their clothes at a camp-fire, ate the food they had carried in their pockets, and asked: "Where do we go next?"

Roosevelt's regiment was under Brigadier-General Sam Young. General Young, who had risen from the ranks, was an old friend of the Colonel's and promised him before leaving Washington that he would place him where he would be able to engage in actual fighting. He proved to be as good as his word. He now sent

word to the Rough Riders that he had received permission to move at dawn and strike the advance positions of the Spanish. He ordered Wood to move with his men along a hill trail, while he, with the First and Tenth Regulars, marched along the valley trail.

Wood obeyed with eagerness, and early the next morning the Rough Riders found themselves in conflict with the Spaniards just about the time General Young's troops began to fight them on the valley track.

Wood ordered Roosevelt to command the Rough Rider's right wing. The country was mountainous and covered with thick jungle and it was hard to locate the battle line.

Richard Harding Davis, the famous fiction writer and war correspondent, accompanied Roosevelt. Davis first pointed out to Roosevelt the exact location of the Spaniards:

"There they are, Colonel!" he cried, "I see their heads near that glade!"

Roosevelt looked where Davis pointed, saw the enemy, and directed his men to fire at them.

Officers and men advanced chatting and laughing unmindful that they were in the enemy's country. Then Wood stopped the head of the column, conferred with Capron, who had been scouting, and then said to Roosevelt:

"Pass the word to keep silence in the ranks."

The outposts of the enemy had been sighted. Each trooper, at the word of command, plunged forward through the thicket. They came into an open space, dropped to their knees, and began to return the Spaniards' fire.

It was a trying situation for the men. None of them were familiar with the Krag-Jorgensen carbines that had been furnished them just before sailing. Most of them had never been under fire. They had only slept three hours the night before and now they were in action under a sun that beat down on them terrific heat. The ground was also strange to them. They saw their comrades shot and yet found no trace of the enemy's hiding-places.

They went forward, however, like true Americans, cleaning out a bush or thicket in much the same way our doughboys cleaned out machine-gun nests in the Argonne forest. After advancing a mile and a half in this way, they came to Guasimas, a hilly place that was the key to the Spanish positions. Roosevelt gave the order to charge. The stronghold was taken under a hot fire in short order, the enemy withdrawing toward Santiago. The Rough Riders in this first skirmish had eight men killed and thirty-four wounded. They had driven out of the Spanish fortifications over twelve hundred men. After the battle Roosevelt heard that General Wood had been slain, and at once took command of the Regiment. As he was moving his men towards the main body, however, he was overjoyed to see Wood coming towards him, bearing tidings that the victory had extended all along the line.

THE SAN JUAN BATTLE

The Rough Riders had been handicapped in the Guasimas fight because they could not see their foe. In the San Juan battle, however, which followed a week afterward the Spaniards were in sight and the Colonel,

highly elated at being in command of his own regiment, the men of which he said were of "Dragon's blood," knew exactly what orders to give.

Early on the morning when the San Juan battle opened, the Colonel marched his men along a muddy road that led through a thick jungle to Cuba. A bullet from the shrapnel fired by the Spaniards struck Roosevelt's wrist and raised an enormous bump. The Rough Riders, along with other regiments belonging to General Wheeler's left wing, came at last within range of the San Juan hills, upon which the Spaniards had dug intrenchments. They were following the three regiments of the first brigade. These regiments came to a little river that lay at the foot of these hills. Their orders were to cross this stream and connect with the forces of General Lawton. They forded it in safety and defiled along its opposite bank.

When, however, the Rough Riders began to cross, the Spaniards opened fire. Some of the Rough Riders fell, and Roosevelt halted his men and sent messengers to the rear to obtain from headquarters permission to attack the foe upon the hills in front. General Sumner at last sent word to advance. The soldier who brought the message told Roosevelt that the orders were that the Rough Riders should support the regulars in the assault on the hills, and that the Colonel should choose as his objective a hill upon which stood a red-tiled ranch-house. This place, because of a huge kettle that was later found on it, was called by the Americans "Kettle Hill."

Roosevelt remained on horseback, although this made him a shining mark for the bullets of the enemy. He did this, not out of a bravado spirit, but because, as his

men were lying down, he found it hard to give orders to them on foot. Up and down the lines he rode, encouraging them much in the same manner as our American officers did in the war with Germany, when they led their men "over the top."

He saw a "slacker" creep under a bush.

"Are you afraid to stand up while I am on horseback?" he demanded.

Just then a bullet fired by a Spanish sharp-shooter to slay the Colonel struck and killed the coward.

Roosevelt at last rode past his own regiment and up to the head of the regular soldiers of the first brigade, behind which the Rough Riders were waiting. He found no officers, among the regulars, of superior rank to him.

He had reached the decision that his duty was to charge the Spaniards at once. He told the captain in charge of the rear platoons that his orders were to support the regulars, and that he thought the hills should be rushed. The captain replied that he had orders to keep the men where they were, and that he could not charge until new orders came. Roosevelt inquired for the colonel, but could not see him.

"Then I am the ranking officer here," he said, "and I give the order to charge."

The captain refused to obey an order that had not come from his own superior officer.

"Then let my men through, sir!" cried Roosevelt, ordering the Rough Riders to advance.

In others parts of the field Colonels Carrol and Hamilton and Captains McBlain and Taylor, of the regulars, had at about this moment, given the order to advance. The entire line, indeed, was straining to be

released for the attack. Roosevelt, riding on his horse, Little Texas, and waving his hat as he rode, led his eager men up the hill. The younger officers and the enlisted men of the regulars mingled with the Rough Riders. The fort was captured with a rush; the Spaniards fled before the charge.

General Sumner now arrived, and Roosevelt received permission to storm a line of intrenchments still farther on. These hills were also captured, and then word came from the rear for the Rough Riders to halt. The Spaniards counter-attacked but were driven back. That night, Roosevelt wrapped himself in the blanket of a dead Spaniard and slept through the chill tropic night in the satisfied peace of a victor.

On the next day the battle became a siege. Old General Wheeler, on his visit to the front, told Roosevelt it might be necessary to fall back, as the front lines were not adapted to withstand a strong counter-attack.

Roosevelt, with typical boldness, and, with that disregard of those in high places that made him often the despair of the regulars, replied:

"Well, General, I really don't know whether we would obey an order to fall back. We can take that city by a rush, and if we have to move out of here at all I should be inclined to make the rush in the right direction."

The General, with a reputation for gallantry that the Spanish-American campaign made even more brilliant, pondered a moment over this statement; then, seeing that the spirit of the man could overcome the handicap of poor defenses, nodded assent.

Two weeks later, Santiago surrendered. Its fall

marked the beginning of the close of the war. Wood, now a brigadier-general, was put in command of the city. Roosevelt became commander of the brigade in his place.

The next task that fell to the lot of the Colonel was to get our soldiers home. Yellow fever and malarial fever had attacked them. The War Department was disposed to keep the men in the stifling jungles of Cuba in spite of the fact that their work was done. Roosevelt was about to leave the army and did not share the regular officer's natural fear of getting into the bad graces of the officials at Washington by making complaints. He led in a public appeal which resulted in an immediate demand by the people that the troops be brought back to the United States.

At Montauk Point, Long Island, New York, the Rough Riders landed. Here the admirers of the Colonel and the friends of his soldiers thronged to pay tribute to the gallant regiment. One day Roosevelt was called out of his tent. He found his men formed into a hollow square. He was escorted to the center and presented with a bronze statute of "The Broncho Buster." The men, for a brief time, were popular heroes, but their Colonel sagely warned them that these tokens of the public's appreciation could not be expected to last, and that they must be prepared to go back to private life and take up routine work where they had left off.

On the night before the mustering out there was a huge celebration. A huge bonfire was kindled. The Indian members of the regiment engaged in native dances. The cowboys performed tricks they had learned

on the plains. Everybody took part in the fun and the Colonel led!

The reason why Roosevelt was so loved by his men, was that he spared neither money, time, or strength to administer to their comfort. After the Guasimas fight there came a shortage of food and Roosevelt, who had already spent \$5,000 of his own money to provide comforts for his men, went out to forage for what in our newer war slang was called "chow." He found eleven hundred pounds of beans on the beach at Siboney, and told the officer in charge that he wanted them for his men. The officer told him that the beans could only be issued for the officer's mess. Thereupon Roosevelt made request for eleven hundred pounds of beans for his officers.

"Why Colonel," said the guardian of the stores, "your officers can't eat eleven hundred pounds of beans!"

"You don't know what appetites my officers have!" retorted Roosevelt.

This good-natured verbal sparring resulted in a compromise—and the Colonel came back to camp with a plentiful supply of beans.

After the battle of San Juan the Colonel ate hard-tack with the rest of his men. Never did he indulge in luxuries when they were short of rations. He played no favorites. Two of the men he loved the most he sent on hazardous missions that resulted in their death; yet he himself rode into perils as great.

"The life," he said, "even of the most useful man, of the best citizen, is not to be hoarded if there be need to spend it!"

Yet he was lenient when duty permitted. He gives

in his autobiography this instance of his stretching a point to favor one of his Rough Riders:

"One of my men, an ex-cow-puncher and former round-up cook, a very good shot and rider, got into trouble on the way down on the transport. He understood entirely that he had to obey the officers of his own regiment, but, like so many volunteers, or at least like so many volunteers of my regiment, he did not understand that this obligation extended to officers of other regiments. One of the regular officers on the transport ordered him to do something which he declined to do. When the officer told him to consider himself under arrest, he responded by offering to fight him for a trifling consideration. He was brought before a court martial which sentenced him to a year's imprisonment at hard labor with dishonorable discharge, and the major-general commanding the division approved the sentence.

"We were on the transport. There was no hard labor to do; and the prison consisted of another cow-puncher who kept guard over him with his carbine, evidently divided in his feelings as to whether he would like most to shoot him or to let him go. When we landed, somebody told the prisoner that I intended to punish him by keeping him with the baggage. He at once came to me in great agitation, saying: 'Colonel, they say you're going to leave me with the baggage when the fight is on. Colonel, if you do that, I will never show my face in Arizona again. Colonel, if you will let me go to the front, I promise I will obey any one you say; any one you say, Colonel,' with the evident feeling that, after this concession, I could not, as a gentleman, refuse his request. Accordingly I answered:

'Shields, there is no one in this regiment more entitled to be shot than you are, and you shall go to the front.' His gratitude was great, and he kept repeating, 'I'll never forget this, Colonel, never.' Nor did he. When we got very hard up, he would now and then manage to get hold of some flour and sugar, and would cook a doughnut and bring it round to me, and watch me with a delighted smile as I ate it. He behaved extremely well in both fights, and after the second one I had him formally before me and remitted his sentence—something which of course I had not the slightest power to do, although at the time it seemed natural and proper to me.

"When we came to be mustered out, the regular officer who was doing the mustering, after all the men had been discharged, finally asked me where the prisoner was. I said, 'What prisoner?' He said, 'The prisoner, the man who was sentenced to a year's imprisonment with hard labor and dishonorable discharge.' I said, 'Oh! I pardoned him'; to which he responded, 'I beg your pardon; you did what?' This made me grasp the fact that I had exceeded authority, and I could only answer, 'Well, I did pardon him, anyhow, and he has gone with the rest'; whereupon the mustering-out officer sank back in his chair and remarked, 'He was sentenced by a court martial, and the sentence was approved by the major-general commanding the division. You were a lieutenant-colonel, and you pardoned him. Well, it was nervy, that's all I'll say.'"

THE WAY TO THE WHITE HOUSE

XVIII. FROM SAN JUAN TO THE PRESIDENCY

THE ROUGH RIDER BECOMES GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

"**W**HEN Colonel Theodore Roosevelt disembarked at Montauk Point from the transport which brought him and his Rough Riders from Santiago," wrote Lincoln Steffens, "he was full of the fight that was over. A score of his friends who had hurried down eager to see him were pressing against the line of bayonets at the end of the pier; they were full of something else. One by one they seized him, and one by one they whispered to him:

"'You are the next Governor of New York.'

"'Good,' he said, half hearing; but he turned to wave at the yellow fellows just tumbling out of the boat. 'What do you think of the regiment?' he asked.

"'Campaign buttons are out with your picture already.'

"'Yes? Bully! Look at them. Aren't they crack-a-jacks?'

"'But how do you feel? Do you think you can stand the strain of a political campaign?'

"'I feel like a bull moose. I'm ashamed of myself to be so sound and well. See, that's K Troop.'

"And he pointed out men who had distinguished themselves. It was impossible to get his attention.

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“ ‘Colonel, Croker said a few weeks ago that the man who would be the next governor must have been wounded in battle.’

“ ‘Did he? Well, I have a wound. See here on my wrist, a piece of shrapnel—see?’ There was no trace left. ‘Well, it was there, anyhow.’

“He laughed with the crowd, but he again turned to the column of khaki, and was soon off with his men in Cuba again, when a sober-faced man with a steady, quiet voice said:

“ ‘Platt wants you to run for governor, Colonel.’

“The soldier turned sharply, looked at the man a moment, then said:

“ ‘I’ll see you again about this matter.’ ”

The Colonel, finding himself able to make terms with Platt that did not injure his self-respect or hamper his freedom of action, accepted the nomination.

Roosevelt’s campaign for election as governor was spectacular. He traveled in a special train, accompanied by a group of Rough Riders in their picturesque uniforms. The crowds cheered him. What was more, they voted for him.

When elected Governor of New York State he built his work on the foundation-stones of honesty and fair-dealing, considering the good, not of the bosses and “interests,” but of the people.

As the end of his first term approached, he desired to be reelected as governor. The bosses, because of the Governor’s independence, were anxious to be rid of him. They decided to shelve him into the office of Vice-President of the United States. His enthusiastic friends in the West welcomed the suggestion. The movement gathered headway. He opposed it. He saw no hopes

for advancement in the Vice-Presidency. It was too quiet an office for one of his active nature. His views were stated in a letter to General Wood shortly after the nomination was forced upon him:

"I feel very much, as Lodge's boy put it, 'as though I had taken the veil!' I see my finish as a failure at the bar or as a teacher of history, in a second-rate country college."

Wood states that the letter seemed to him one of "profound depression." His comrade seemed certain that he had ended his political career in accepting the nomination.

At the National Convention Roosevelt still struggled in vain against the attempt to get him out of the way. He told Senator Platt:

"I shall tell the delegates that I shall, if nominated for Vice-President, arise in the convention and decline!"

"But you can not be renominated for Governor!" Platt said, "your successor is in this room!"

The Senator pointed to Chairman Odell. Roosevelt saw that the New York politicians had barred the door to him. He accepted the nomination for Vice-President.

Now that he was a candidate for the office, he made a "whirlwind tour" of the country, relieving President McKinley of the cares of travel. The Colonel's train chanced to stop at a station where Bryan's train was at a standstill. Bitter as their speeches had been, their greeting was jovial:

"Hello, Bill!" called Roosevelt.

"Hello, Teddy!" returned Bryan. "How is your voice after these many speeches?"

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"Oh, my voice is as rough as the platform of the Democrats," laughed Roosevelt.

"Mine," retorted Bryan, "is as broken as the promises of the Republicans."

Within eight weeks Roosevelt covered twenty-two thousand miles, visited half of the states of the Union, and spoke to millions of people.

Richard Croker, the former Tammany boss, whom Roosevelt attacked bitterly in his campaign in 1900, said bitterly:

"That wild man's at it again. I see he was mobbed at Elmira. I wouldn't be surprised if he put the job up on himself."

And again Croker remarked:

"It puzzles me when the heart of the American people is beating for love of him, as the wild man says it is, he never shows his face but someone throws a brick at him."

At Victor, Colorado, near Cripple Creek, a band of rowdies greeted the Roosevelt special train and heckled the Colonel throughout his address. As he left the hall there was a movement toward him by some of the roughs, but a company of Rough Riders surrounded him to protect him from insult. A tough made a rush at Colonel Roosevelt and succeeded in hitting him in the breast with a stick. Daniel M. Sullivan, the postmaster at Cripple Creek, knocked the assailant down. The mob then tried to drag the khaki-clad Rough Riders from their horses, but the procession succeeded in gaining the train without injury to any of its members.

McKinley and Roosevelt were elected by a big majority.

The Colonel entered upon his duties as vice-president

on March 4, 1901, presiding over the Senate during the following session.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF MCKINLEY

Six months later, in Buffalo, an assassin's bullet slew President McKinley and Roosevelt became the head of the nation.

Roosevelt, after the shooting, hearing that President McKinley's condition was improving, went on a brief trip to the Adirondacks, near the foot of Mount Tahawas. Two of his children had been in the hospital, and his family had taken a trip to the mountains to enable them to regain their health. He had gone to bring them home. The day after the Vice-President joined them, he set out for a climb up the side of Mount Marcy.

On Friday morning, while several unemployed guides sat around a fire in the Upper Tahawas Clubhouse at the foot of Mount Marcy, a messenger from a lower settlement drove up in a mud-bespattered wagon.

"Boys," said David Hunter, the superintendent. "There is bad news for the President. Who will carry the message to Mr. Roosevelt?"

The lot fell to a tall, thin, weather-beaten guide named Harrison Hall. He crossed the tiny footbridge which spans the Hudson at that point and threaded a forest to Lake Colton. He learned on the trail that Roosevelt was climbing the side of Mount Marcy, which clasps, as in a giant's cup, a beautiful body of water which rests 4,500 feet above sea level and is the source of the Hudson River. At about two o'clock La Casse, Roosevelt's guide, looked down and beheld Harrison

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Hall waving to them. He clasped in his hand the yellow sheet of a telegram and Roosevelt knew that he was the messenger of fate. Then began the thirty-five mile drive in a light wagon on a steep, dangerous trail.

A correspondent of the New York Herald wrote this vivid description of Roosevelt's return from Mount Marcy:

"The full story of that ride will never be written; save for a few frightened deer, aroused by the splashing hoofs and peering wide-eyed at the swaying lantern through the fog, there was no spectator of the journey. The drivers, trained hunters from their youth, have learned silence as the first lesson of their calling, and questions elicit naught save the barest outline of the trip.

"Well, I knew, by the feel of the wagon, we were off the road once or twice, and I told Mr. Roosevelt we might be a hundred feet below the next moment for all I could tell, but he just told me to 'Go ahead!'" said Driver Kellogg.

"Yes, the horses stumbled badly once, and I wanted to slow up; but he said, 'Keep right on!'" admitted Cronin. * * *

"Still the obstinate hope of a strong willed man, who refuses to take no from fate, possessed Mr. Roosevelt.

" 'They say the President is dying,' he told Kellogg, 'but I have hope yet.' * * *

"A country dance was just breaking up at a little schoolhouse on the way. The plunging team dashed past the returning revelers, black and silent, in sharp contrast on its sad errand. * * *

"At twenty-one minutes after 5 o'clock Mr. Roosevelt leaped out on the station steps at North Creek. Half way up he received from a representative of the Herald the first notification that President McKinley was dead."

They reached the station in the gray dawn of a new day—a day in which America mourned for a President dead, and looked with anxious eyes to where a figure of destiny was emerging to take his place. That evening Roosevelt at the earnest request of Secretary Root and the other members of McKinley's cabinet, took, in the house of Ansley Wilcox, at Buffalo, the regular oath of office:

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of the President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

He was only forty-two—our youngest President. His rise had been amazingly swift. He had a long line of good ancestors behind him; he was wealthy; yet he was simple in his habits and a friend of the plain people. The nation welcomed such a man.

When he took the oath of office he made this simple statement:

"It shall be my aim to continue, absolutely unbroken, the policy of William McKinley for the peace, prosperity and honor of this beloved country."

He followed this pledge as closely as possible, changing McKinley's policy only as the needs of the public required.

He made the McKinley Cabinet his own Cabinet, thus securing the aid of such distinguished men as John Hay and Elihu Root. When he filled vacancies in the Cabinet, he chose men who had occupied other of-

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fices under McKinley to fill the empty places. Among these was Wm. H. Taft. His rule to use McKinley's staff held good even when he selected his own private secretary; Mr. Cortelyou had held this place under President McKinley and Roosevelt not only retained his services but also later promoted him to a Cabinet position.

THE GREAT COAL STRIKE

The battle between capital and labor was waged furiously during Roosevelt's first years as President. He saw that there was right on each side and tried his utmost to have the two sides settle their difficulties, by giving each other the "square deal." If one side tried to monopolize his aid, he soon showed it that he was the President, not of one clique, but of all parties. He said once to Jacob Riis:

"Whether your children or my children shall be happy or unhappy in this country in the year 1950, depends on whether every man of honor is a firm friend to every other man of honor, be he workman or capitalist—This class spirit is the cancer that is eating away the life of our republic. I am for neither capital or labor, but I am for honesty, against dishonesty, for patriotism against selfishness, for right against wrong."

"The White House door," he told a group of labor leaders, "while I am here, shall swing open as easily for the labor man as for the capitalist, and no easier!"

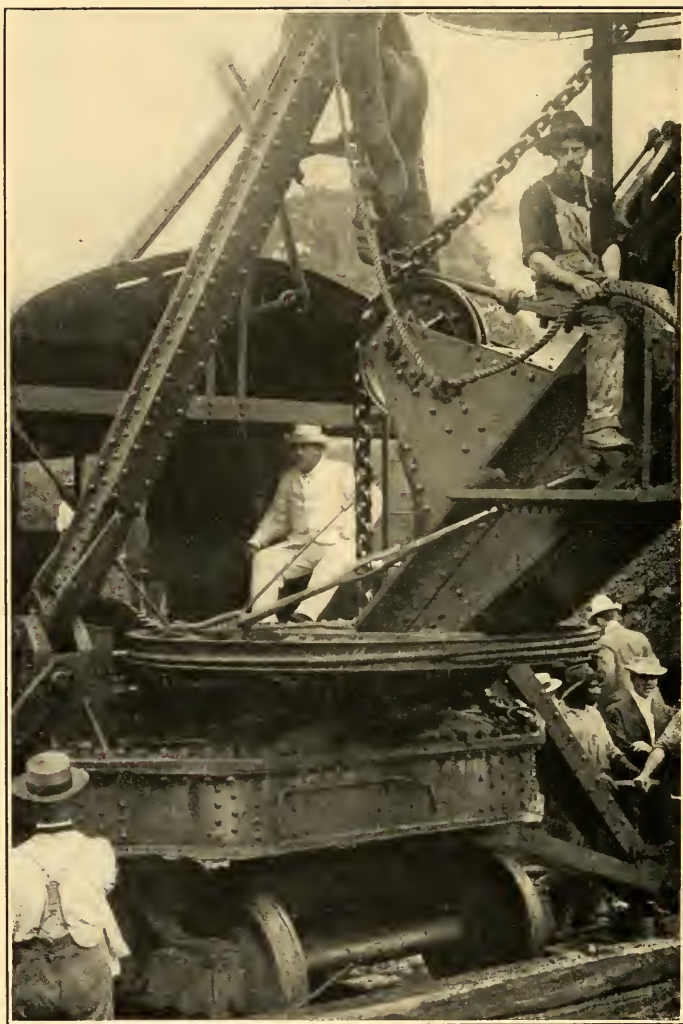
In the fall of 1902 occurred the great Anthracite Coal Strike. Trouble had been brewing for a long time between the mine-owners and the miners.

To avert the coal famine Roosevelt now decided if

his plan to settle the strike should fail through the stubbornness of the mine-owners, to send the United States Army to the coal fields to run the mines. On October 13th, however, the operators agreed to arbitrate. The men went back to work at once. They secured in the end ten per cent. increase in pay and a nine-hour day.

Roosevelt, when his first term had expired, sought re-election.

"I do not believe in playing the hypocrite," he said. "Any strong man fit to be President would desire a nomination and re-election after his first term. Lincoln was President in so great a crisis that perhaps he neither could nor did feel any personal interest in his own re-election. But at present I should like to be elected President, just as John Quincy Adams, or McKinley, or Cleveland or John Adams, or Washington himself desired to be elected. It is pleasant to think that one's countrymen think well of him. But I shall not do anything whatever to secure my nomination save to try to carry on the public business in such shape that decent citizens will believe I have shown wisdom, integrity and courage."



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ROOSEVELT AMONG THE CANAL DIGGERS

XIX. IMPORTANT EVENTS OF ROOSEVELT'S PRESIDENCY

THE MAN WHO BUILT THE PANAMA CANAL

IT had been the dream of a century to connect the Atlantic Ocean with the Pacific Ocean by cutting a channel through the narrow Isthmus of Panama.

Columbus dreamed that he could find a route westward from Europe to Asia. America stood in his path. Balboa and other hardy explorers tried to discover a way by which the American continent could be crossed by water, but found none.

Later, men began to dream of cutting a channel to the Pacific, so that their ships could go on to the Orient. As early as 1550 the King of Spain was urged by Antonio Galvao, a sailor, to dig a canal through the Isthmus of Panama.

Admiral Nelson, in 1780, suggested that such a passage should be dug across Nicaragua. A traveler named Humboldt in 1804 proposed five routes; the path of the canal follows closely one of these suggested paths.

When gold was discovered in California in 1849, and gold-seekers and trade began to drift to the west coast, the need for the canal grew greater.

In 1888 the Frenchman de Lesseps began the canal but he became involved in financial troubles and the attempt was a failure.

When war with Spain came, and the battleship Oregon had to travel from the Pacific Coast around Cape

Horn to join our Atlantic squadron, the entire country saw how convenient it would be to have a short cut between the two oceans by way of the Isthmus.

When Roosevelt decided to build the canal, he chose between two possible locations for it; through Nicaragua, or through Panama, along the line already plotted by the French. The latter route was chosen.

The people of Panama wanted the Canal built. Thwarted by the new government of Colombia they started a revolution. It occurred on November 3, 1903. Roosevelt recognized the Republic of Panama, and made a new canal treaty with it. The Senate ratified the treaty. Other nations soon followed the example of the United States in recognizing Panama as a separate country.

The Canal was begun. To Colonel Goethals belongs the credit of carrying through the gigantic task swiftly and well. He was immensely aided by Doctor (Surgeon-General) Gorgas, who drove out malaria and yellow fever and made the Canal Zone as healthful as an American ocean resort.

Former President Wm. H. Taft, in his foreword to Dr. Lewis's *Life of Roosevelt*, pays this tribute to the Colonel for his work in building the Canal:

"If the name of the Panama Canal could be changed, it should be called the 'Theodore Roosevelt Canal.' It is more due to him than to any other man, and without him it may well be doubted whether it would now be begun. The hoggish and unjust attitude of Colombia toward the enterprise as well as toward Panama, whose people favored giving the United States an opportunity to build and own it, aroused the deep indignation of Roosevelt. He knew there was no equity in the po-

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sition of Colombia. He welcomed the possibility of a revolution which should separate Panama from Colombia."

To take a trip through the Canal is the best way to understand what a great work Roosevelt set in motion when he started the steam shovels at Panama. If the voyage is started on the eastern end, the traveler comes first to Gatun. The original town of Gatun is now submerged under the waters of the lake that was formed by letting in the Chagres River, held in place by the great dam at this point. Here have been built the largest locks, which are big enough to take the biggest ocean liners, and one marvels at the immensity of their emergency gates and control houses. The Gatun Dam, the lake behind it, the locks and the Canal blend into the landscape so that it is hard to realize that men had anything to do with creating it.

In the cement locks the water has a depth of thirty-four feet, but elsewhere the water is over eighty feet deep—the time it takes to empty a lock is just eight minutes. In going through the canal, the ships pass through twelve gates. The passage takes about ten hours. Canal pilots direct the course of the ships through the canal and through the locks the vessels are towed by electric locomotives that run along the quays. As the journey proceeds, the traveler sees white light-houses projecting out of the surrounding jungle, with beautiful mountains in the background. At last the famous Culebra Cut is reached. To cut the canal here was a work of tremendous difficulty. Our engineers at this place cut through the highest point of the mountain range. There is a soft layer of rock here that causes stone to crumble and slide from both

sides into the Canal, so that dredges have often to be employed to keep the Canal open.

In 1906, Roosevelt sailed on the battleship Louisiana for Panama. Here he inspected the work of building the canal.

In a letter to Kermit, describing the trip, he grew enthusiastic over the ninety-five ton steam shovels that were at work in the Culebra Cut and told of seeing them scoop huge masses of rock and gravel and dirt and deposit them on trains. In this way, entire hills were removed from the track of the canal. The white supervisors and the black men who did the rough work awakened his admiration and it was with immense satisfaction that he saw his own great dream made real through the efforts of these untiring workers.

CURBING THE KAISER

"Walk Softly, But Carry a Big Stick."

"I want Uncle Sam to be peaceful," wrote Roosevelt; "I want Uncle Sam to show scrupulous regard for the rights of others; but I want to see Uncle Sam owe his safety to two facts: in the first place, that he will do nothing but good to men; and, in the second place, that he will submit to wrong from no man."

These words fitly express the foreign policy followed by the President during his term of office. Toward a blustering, grasping nation he uplifted "the big stick"; with peaceful nations he walked softly.

What is known in our history as "the Venezuelan" affair, took place a little over a year after Roosevelt became President. The German Emperor had long

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looked on the Western Hemisphere as a field for conquest, by commerce or by arms. When the Spanish-American war broke out, he asked England and France to join with his fleet in checking our naval operations. Mr. Balfour, then in charge of the British War office, crushed him with the reply:

"No, if the British fleet takes any part in the war, it will be to put itself between the American fleet and those of your coalition."

Thus the German Emperor was forced to content himself with the threat:

"If I had had ships enough, I would have taken the Americans by the scruff of the neck."

Here is Roosevelt's own story of what happened, told in September, 1917, at a luncheon in Chicago, and reported in the New York Times:

"It was about a year after I took office. Germany was striving to extend her dominion. She had in view certain chosen positions in South America. She aimed to turn South America into a German appendage. Venezuela at that time had a dictator named Castro, commonly known as the 'Monkey of the Andes.'

"At that time England was backing Germany, and, while I had both against me, I paid little attention to England. It was the last flicker of England's antagonism to the United States.

"I called the attention of the Ambassador (von Holleben) to the fact that Germany had a squadron of warships near Venezuela, threatening the mouth of the proposed isthmian canal! I demanded a statement of what Germany meant by temporary possession; saying that I did not propose to have any ninety-nine year leases.

"The Ambassador told me he did not feel that he was at liberty to discuss such an important question. That conference wound up with the following ultimatum:

"'Tell your Government that in ten days it must arbitrate the matter, or I will send Dewey down there.'

"'I can not send such a message, Mr. President. I do not think you realize what it means!' the Ambassador replied.

"'You think it means war?' I asked.

"'I do not want to say what I think!' was the reply.

"'If it means war, you have chosen the one spot where you cannot fight us,' I replied, and I showed by our maps our commanding position. When he retired I sent word to Dewey to be ready to sail on an hour's notice. About a week later the Ambassador called on me and admitted that he had not dared send the message. I then told him that I would order Dewey to sail in forty-eight hours. He told me that it would be an awful thing for this country.

"'Yes, but it will be more awful for your country,' I replied. Inside of thirty-six hours he came back smiling and said he had received instructions from the German Government that they would arbitrate."

The President acted just as vigorously in the famous case of the kidnapped Perdicaris. Raizuli, a Moroccan bandit, seized Perdicaris, an American, and held him for ransom. He threatened that he would kill the prisoner unless the money he asked for was paid. John Hay, the Secretary of State, cabled the American consul at Tangier:

"We want Perdicaris alive or Raizuli dead," adding that Gummere was "not to commit us about landing marines or seizing customhouse."

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In his diary, according to William Roscoe Thayer, Hay made the following entries:

"June 23. My telegram to Gummere had an un-called for success. It is curious how a concise impropriety hits the public."

"June 24. Gummere telegraphs that he expects Perdicaris to-night."

"June 27. Perdicaris wires his thanks."

In 1903 a massacre of Jews occurred in Kishinef, Russia. The Jews of America petitioned the President to ask the Czar of Russia to safeguard the lives of the Jews of Russia against such outbreaks. The Russian government would not discuss the subject. Roosevelt, however, had promised that he would bring the appeal of his countrymen to the notice of the Czar.

Would Russia resent such a move? Was war on the horizon?

No trouble arose. True, the Russian government refused to receive the memorial, but the American consul at St. Petersburg visited the Foreign Office with a letter from Secretary Hay, which inquired as to whether the Russian government would accept the document. This letter set forth the full text of the memorial. The Russian Foreign Office accepted it. Its publication in the press put before the world every word of the petition of the American Jews. The object of the latter had been gained. The eyes of the world had been drawn to the afflictions of the Hebrews of Russia.

MAKING PEACE BETWEEN JAPAN AND RUSSIA

When war broke out on February 10th, 1904, between Russia and Japan, Roosevelt, the man who had been

declared by his foes to be war-loving himself, was the one who without any other aid, made peace between them.

Japan had become alarmed over the way Russia had expanded her dominions. The Czar's forces had reached the shores of the Yellow Sea and were threatening to control China. Japan herself was then in her infancy as a world power. Fifty years before, her soldiers had been armed with primitive bows and arrows. Now, however, she had a new army, which had been trained after the European methods of warfare. This army she sent to drive back the Czar.

To the amazement of the world, the giant Russia was defeated. Some of her highest officials were grafters; her armies were poorly trained and disorganized. On the Japanese side a brilliant general, Kuroki, arose. He commanded one of the Nippon armies in Manchuria, directed the battle which isolated Port Arthur, and took part in the battles at Liao-Yang, Chaho and Mukden. At the last-named place the concluding battle of the war was fought, in which the Japanese were victorious.

The United States had representatives in Manchuria taking notes of the campaign. Among these were Captain John J. Pershing and Captain Peyton C. March; the former of these in the great world war directed our armies in France and the latter was Chief of Staff of the armies assembled at home for service abroad.

Roosevelt, in spite all of the problems that he had to deal with at home, watched the war with great concern. At last he decided to try to end it. On June 8, 1905, he sent to both powers a letter in which he pleaded with them "not only for their own sakes but

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in the interest of the whole civilized world to open direct negotiations for peace with each other."

The President had found out beforehand that both countries would be willing to make peace; the question now to determine was where the peace council should meet. At last the United States was decided upon.

On August 5th, the Russian and Japanese envoys first met. The place was Oyster Bay, aboard the President's yacht, "The Mayflower." At this rather strained meeting, the President proposed this toast, which proved to be the first step toward peace:

"Gentlemen, I propose a toast to which there will be no answer and which I ask you to drink in silence, standing. I drink to the welfare and prosperity of the sovereigns and the people of the two great nations, whose representatives have met one another on this ship. It is my earnest hope and prayer in the interest not only of these two great powers, but of all civilized mankind, that a just and lasting peace may speedily be concluded between them."

The peace conference then convened at Portsmouth, N. H. The Russian envoys agreed to most of the terms laid down by the Japanese, but refused to pay a money indemnity or to surrender territory. Roosevelt here used his good offices to bring an agreement. He persuaded Japan to withdraw her claim for money. He persuaded Russia to cede to Japan half of the Island of Saghalien, which had been captured by Japan. Satisfied, the commissioners came together again, and on September 5th the peace treaty was signed.

Roosevelt's services on this occasion in behalf of world peace won for him the Nobel Peace Prize, a medal, one of the awards set aside by Alfred B. Nobel,

a Scandinavian, to be presented to those whose deeds benefited mankind. With the prize went a gift of \$40,000. Roosevelt was praised by the entire world for having brought about peace. The Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Japan sent him warm letters of thanks.

Important as this event was, it was yet only one of Roosevelt's peace-making acts. He saw that South America, with its Spanish population, might be made hostile to the United States. He therefore sent Secretary of State Elihu Root on a tour through South America. Mr. Root met the statesmen of the tropics with a tact and friendliness that won their hearts and did much to allay their suspicions of the country he represented.

Among other acts of good will done by Roosevelt was the return by the United States to China, for educational purposes, of half of the money China had agreed to pay the United States for damages done during the Boxer uprising.

OUR FLEET CIRCLES THE GLOBE

*"Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and free,
To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost ends of the sea,
To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies in wait,
To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across the
strait:—*

*But better the golden evening when the ships round heads for
home,*

*And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in the swirl of a
seething foam,*

*And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the men who
win!*

*Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when the great
gray ships come in!"*

—GUY WETMORE CARRYL

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In the final year of his Presidency, Roosevelt found himself confronting a grave situation with Japan—one that unless delicately handled might cause war.

The people along the Pacific Coast, fearing then, as they fear now, that their states would be over-run by Japanese laborers who could live cheaper and work for lower wages than American workmen, demanded that the Japanese be excluded from this country. There were anti-Japanese riots in several places. The State of California passed a rule excluding Japanese children from its public schools.

Roosevelt met the situation by sending Secretary of War Taft to Japan as an "Ambassador of Peace." Taft, at a public dinner given to him in Tokio, declared that talk of war between the two countries was "infamous." Japan, to show her desire to avoid trouble, sent General Kuroki to the United States to return Taft's words of peace. A "gentleman's agreement" was made between the two governments. Japan agreed to restrict the sending of Japanese laborers to America, California agreed to withdraw her school order.

Yet in diplomatic circles throughout the world the occurrence had set tongues to wagging; and agitators kept the threat of war alive.

Then Roosevelt, to give Japan a friendly warning, and to prove to the world the truth of his conviction that all was well between the two nations, sent the American fleet on a voyage around the world. Admiral Bob Evans indiscreetly described the squadron as being fit "for either a frolic or a fight," but Japan rose nicely to the occasion by officially inviting it to a frolic in her waters.

The sixteen battleships went through the Strait of

Magellan to San Francisco. From there they sailed to New Zealand and Australia, stopping at the Philippines, China and Japan, then home through the Suez Canal, stopping in the Mediterranean. The most notable incident of the cruise was the cordial reception given to the fleet by the Japanese. When the fleet returned after its sixteen months' voyage, Roosevelt received it in Hampton Roads and made a speech highly praising its officers and crew.

When visiting Berlin at the end of his African trip, Colonel Roosevelt had an interesting talk with Von Tirpitz, who later became infamous through the cruelties committed by his U-boats during the world war. Von Tirpitz was greatly interested in the voyage around the world of the American battle-fleet. He said that he expected that Japan would attack the fleet on its voyage, and he asked Roosevelt if he had not also expected this. The Colonel replied that he had not expected it, although there was a chance that it might happen. Von Tirpitz told Roosevelt that he thought the voyage of the battle-fleet had done more to bring about peace in the Orient than any other event.

XX. OUR SPORTSMAN-PRESIDENT

ROOSEVELT IN WYOMING

(Told by a guide—1899)

*Do you know Yancey's? When the winding trail
From Washburn Mountains strikes the old stage road?
And wagons from Cooke City and the mail
Unhitch awhile and teamsters shift the load?*

*A handy bunch of men are round the stove
At Yancey's—hunters back from Jackson's hole
And Ed Hough telling of a mighty drove
Of elk that he ran down at Tenton Bowl.*

*And Yancey he says: "Mr. Woody, there
Can tell a hunting yarn or two beside,
He guided Roosevelt when he shot a bear
And six bull elk with antlers spreading wide."*

*But Woody is a guide who doesn't brag,
He puffed his pipe awhile, then gravely said:
"I knew he'd put the Spaniards in a bag,
For Mister Roosevelt always picked a head.*

*"That man won't clotch around in politics
And waste his time a-killing little game;
He studies elk, and men, and knows their tricks,
And when he picks a head he hits the same."*

*Now, down at Yancey's every man's a sport,
And free to back his knowledge up with lead;
And each believes that Roosevelt is the sort
To run the State, because he "picks a head."*

—ROBERT BRIDGES, in "Bramble Bral."

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FOR seven and a half years, Roosevelt toiled in the Presidency. He did the work of five ordinary men, yet he kept well and vigorous. His good health was due to outdoor exercise. His vigorous open-air life served not only to keep him "fit" but also spurred his associates to sports and exercise which helped them to bear up under the hard tasks that came to them in those strenuous years.

He valued men who kept themselves "fit" by mental exertion and outdoor exercise. It was these qualities in John J. Pershing, for instance, that led the President to select him for promotion to a higher rank.

When Roosevelt was President the splendid record of a young army officer, Captain Pershing, was brought to his attention. The reports that came to the War Department from the Philippines showed that Pershing was doing remarkable work in subduing unruly Filipinos and in keeping his men up to the mark.

Pershing was in line for a promotion to colonel or lieutenant-colonel, but Congress had passed a law that, while it was not directed at any one officer, hindered promotion of a meritorious captain to one of these ranks. However, Roosevelt had the right to appoint an officer to the rank of brigadier-general, so he took advantage of this loop-hole and raised Pershing to this rank, advancing him over many other army officers.

The promotion aroused much criticism at the time but Pershing proved that he deserved it. His record later in Mexico and France showed that Roosevelt's judgment was right when he chose to raise young and active men to positions of power.

The President devoted at least two hours of every day to horse-back riding, wrestling, tennis, walking or

broad sword or single-stick exercise. He rode horseback and jumped hurdles as well as the best of riders. One day, however, he fell from his horse and wrenched his neck and shoulders. George von L. Meyer, a close friend of Roosevelt's, tells us that once when he was out for a horseback ride along the Potomac with the President, who was also accompanied by his friends Elihu Root and Henry Cabot Lodge, Meyer suddenly set his horse to jumping certain fences. Roosevelt told Meyer that he would join in the hurdling.

"Lodge," Meyer writes, "said my horse jumped in much better form. He was carrying, however, about thirty pounds less. After that, without realizing what effect it would have on the President, I put my horse over the five-foot jump. I had no sooner done it than the President went at it. His horse refused, so he turned his horse, set his teeth, and went at it again. This time his horse cleared it well forward, but dragged his hind legs. Lodge was very much put out that the President had taken such a risk with his weight . . . The President said, 'I could not let one of my Cabinet give me a lead and not follow.'"

Roosevelt was interested in the Japanese science of jiu jitsu, and in a letter to Theodore, Jr., he described an encounter between Professor Yamashita and the Colonel's friend, Grant. The Japanese was a jiu jitsu expert, while Grant was skilled at wrestling. The Colonel wrote, however, that it was hard to compare the arts of the two men, since wrestling was merely a sport like tennis, while jui jitsu was the science of killing or disabling an adversary. He described how Grant put Yamashita on his back and how Yamashita a minute later got a hold that choked Grant and also an elbow

hold that, if tightened, would have broken Grant's arm. The Colonel gave it as his opinion that one of our strong American wrestlers, with a little training, would be more than a match for a Japanese who practiced jiu jitsu.

Cross-country walking was his favorite exercise. He took with him cabinet officers, diplomats, senators, representatives or his own more intimate friends. The walk would generally be along the Potomac and would be taken after dark, so that the public could not see him at sport that might be thought unbecoming in a President.

Major-General Leonard Wood, in his recollections published in Metropolitan Magazine, gives this account of these walks:

"Whenever I landed in Washington it always meant a hard run through the parks, up and down the banks of Rock Creek—always with men, few of whom went a second time. Once, I remember, he took out a number of men who were aspirants for promotion to the grade of brigadier. He looked them over and said, 'Leonard, I am going to give those gentlemen a try-out. We want active officers.'

"And try them out he did. We started out on one of those rough-and-tumble walks. It was a slippery climb along the rocks and banks of Rock Creek after the rain. One of our brigadiers (who had already been appointed, by the way) turned out with a straw hat, patent leather shoes, white waistcoat, projecting pearl buttons, glasses, and carrying a smart looking walking stick. When he had gotten half way down Rock Creek this gentleman had lost all the buttons on his waistcoat, he had broken his glasses; some of the buttons were gone

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from the upper part of his trousers. He had been across Rock Creek several times; he was a complete and total wreck and knew it—so did the Colonel. The Colonel hailed a mounted policeman who chanced to be on the other side of the stream, called him up and said, 'Mr. Officer, this is a general in the army,' pointing to the exhausted and dejected victim. 'He belongs in the city of Washington and wishes to go there; you take him down now and put him on the car. Remember that he is a general!'

Here is the picture Wood gives of Roosevelt and his comrades at football:

"Occasionally we had some work with the football—kicking, catching, falling and tackling. Once or twice Senator Lodge came out with us. He was very active, and knew something of the game. We also beguiled an unfortunate German, a member of the Embassy, to come out with us occasionally. I say 'unfortunate' because he certainly had rather rough handling in a form of exercise with which he was entirely unfamiliar. He was big, heavy and willing; but knew absolutely nothing of American football methods. The Colonel thought the best way to break him in was to let him begin by learning to tackle and run with the ball. So the Baron was sent full speed down the field with orders to get by the Colonel, who invariably attacked him in the most aggressive fashion. Then the Colonel would take the ball, and when the Baron attempted to tackle he would find the Colonel's palm in his face and over he would go. On the whole, he had a very unhappy time the few afternoons he was with us. The Baron would run at full speed; Roosevelt, with his teeth set, would invariably dive solidly into his stomach. After

several attempts at this form of exercise, which was undertaken more in a sense of courtesy to the Colonel than from any love of it, the Baron disappeared. There was no more football for him after that. And so it went; always something of hard, strenuous work in the open air after hours of concentrated work in the office."

As a result of his conversation with young army and navy officers who went with him on these walks, Roosevelt determined that he would compel the older army officers stationed around Washington to keep in good physical condition. This he accomplished by issuing an order that each officer should show that he could walk fifty miles or ride one hundred miles within three days. The older officers rebelled against the order and used their influence with Congress and the newspapers to have the command ridiculed. Roosevelt, however, proved that the complaints of these men were absurd by himself riding, with two officers, more than a hundred miles in one day over the frozen roads of Virginia. The nation decided that what the President could do in one day, the army and navy officers should be willing to do in three days, and opposition to the order died.

Cary T. Grayson, the President's physician, was a naval officer. When certain generals and colonels protested against Roosevelt's order, he sent for Grayson, and, according to Ray Stannard Baker, said:

"Can you ride horseback?"

"Yes," Grayson said, "I was brought up with horses."

"Some of the officers object to the test I have put to them. They think it too severe. Now I want myself

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to do the ninety miles and do it all in one day. And I want you to come along."

The two ment went, and Grayson treasures this record of his journey, penned by the President:

THE WHITE HOUSE

Washington, January 15, 1909.

My dear Dr. Grayson:

On January 13 you accompanied me on a ride from the White House, at Washington, to the inn at Warrenton and back, 98 miles, as we measured it, but, as I am now informed, 104 miles. We started at 3.40 in the morning and returned at 8.40 in the evening, stopping for an hour and a quarter at Warrenton and for five or ten minutes at other places. We had four relays of horses. For most of the time coming in the weather was very bad, a sleet storm driving in our faces, and the roads were frozen and difficult. On the last stretch, which was the hardest of all, your horse was smooth shod, which greatly increased the difficulty and risk as we made our way against the sleet storm over the frozen roads thru the pitch darkness; yet at that time your only thought seemed to be to look out for me, the sleet having frozen on my glasses so that I was unable to see at all; and I had to repeatedly ask you to look out for yourself, in viēw of your horse being smooth shod. You, like the rest of the party, ended the trip in first-class condition. Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

P. A. Surgeon CARY T. GRAYSON, U.S.N.,

Naval Dispensary,

Washington, D. C.

XXI. THE CHUM OF BOYS

"I HAVE taught my boys to take their own part," the President once said. "I do not know which I should punish my boys for quickest, for cruelty or for flinching!"

Roosevelt's letters to his children reveal how he kept his mind and his heart on a level with his boys at each stage of their careers. In this respect he was like one of his heroes, Daniel Boone, who took his nine-year-old son with him on hunting expeditions, to train him in woodcraft. His eldest son has recently borne testimony to this trait. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt has granted us permission to reprint from the Philadelphia Public Ledger this account of the way in which the Colonel trained and companioned his boys:

"From the time when we were very little boys we were always interested in military preparedness. My father believed very strongly in the necessity of each boy being able and willing not only to look out for himself but to look out for those near and dear to him. This gospel was preached to us all from the time we were very, very small. A story, told in the family of an incident which happened long before I can remember, illustrated this. Father told me one day always to be willing to fight any one who insulted me. Shortly after this wails of grief arose from the nursery. Mother ran upstairs and found my little brother Kermit howling in a corner. When she demanded explanation I told her that he had insulted me by taking away



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THE PRESIDENT ABOARD THE "MAYFLOWER"



some of my blocks so I had hit him on the head with a mechanical rabbit.

"Our little boy fights were discussed in detail with father. Although he insisted on the willingness to fight he was the first to object to and punish anything that resembled bullying. We always told him everything, as we knew he would give us a real and sympathetic interest.

"Funny incidents of these early combats stick in my mind. One day one of my brothers came home from school very proud. He said he had had a fight with a boy. When asked how the fight resulted he said he had won by kicking the boy in the windpipe. Further investigation developed the fact that the windpipe was the pit of the stomach. My brother felt that it must be the windpipe because when you kicked some one there he lost his breath. I can remember father to this day explaining that no matter how effective this method of attack was it was not considered sportsmanlike to kick.

"Father and mother believed in robust righteousness. In the stories and poems that they read us they always bore this in mind. 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'The Battle Hymn of Republic' we knew when we were very young. When father was dressing for dinner he used to teach us poetry. I can remember memorizing all the most stirring parts of Longfellow's 'Saga of King Olaf,' 'Sheridan's Ride' and the 'Sinking of the Cumberland.' The gallant incidents in history were told us in such a way that we never forgot them. In Washington when father was civil service commissioner I often walked to the office with him. On the way down he would talk history to me—not the dry history of dates and

charters, but the history where you yourself in imagination could assume the role of the principal actors, as every well-constructed boy wishes to do when interested. During every battle we would stop and father would draw out the full plan in the dust in the gutter with the tip of his umbrella.

"We spent our summers at Oyster Bay. There, in addition to our family, were three other families of little Roosevelts. We were all taught out-of-door life. We spent our days riding and shooting, wandering through the woods and playing out-of-door games. Underlying all this was father's desire to have all of us children grow up manly and cleanminded, with not only the desire but the ability to play our part at the country's need.

"Father himself was our companion whenever he could get away from his work. Many times he camped out with us on Lloyds Neck, the only 'grown up' of the party. We always regarded him as a great asset at times like these. He could think up more delightful things to do than we could in a 'month of Sundays.'"

A boy from Catonsville, Md., climbed the steps of the White House. "I'm Sherwood Thompson, of the Catonsville 'Rough Riders,'" he told Secretary Loeb. "I've come to call on President Roosevelt. I was one of his escorts when he visited Baltimore four years ago."

"But the President is engaged with Senators," Mr. Loeb explained kindly.

"Hello, young Thompson, come over here! How's that pony of yours!" someone called. It was the President, remembering and greeting after four years a boy he had met only once!

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AT SAGAMORE HILL

The White House held second place in the President's affections; Sagamore Hill was always his first choice. The house at Oyster Bay was the place he loved best. No matter how far off he wandered, his thoughts always turned back to this spot. The demands made upon him by his public life served only to make him love his home more.

The Sagamore Hill estate was an ideal one for a nature-lover like Roosevelt. The roads are formed of gravel. Underwood grows thickly. Oak and maple trees abound. On the outskirts are fields, barns and gardens. From the house the waters of Long Island Sound can be seen. So fond was the Colonel of the birds at Oyster Bay that he had posted each Spring on trees on his grounds signs warning boys not to molest them or disturb their nests.

The trophy room at Oyster Bay was a wonderful place to visit. When, during the world war, soldiers came to call on the Colonel, he guided them through this room, showing them the costly rug presented to him by the Sultan of Turkey; the immense elephant tusks presented to him by the Emperor of Abyssinia; the snuff-boxes from Pope Leo XIII; and valuable gifts from the Empress of China, King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, the Czar of Russia, Indian chiefs and many other personages.

Roosevelt taught his boys to shoot big game by first teaching them to shoot smaller game, such as possums and raccoons.

He tells how one of his boys—a youngster of five years—rushed into his study to tell him that the hired

man had found a coon near the wood-pile pond, a muddy pool a few hundred yards from the house. Chickens had been slain by some such animal, and the Colonel was anxious to keep minks and coons from coming too near his coops, so he picked up his rifle and went down stairs. His small son followed, clasp- ing the butt of the gun. The coon was found asleep in the hollow of a blasted chestnut, about forty feet from the ground. Roosevelt raised his rifle, but found that its rear sight was off. He was anxious to prove a good shot to his son, but to his vexation had to fire three or four shots before he brought down the coon. The father and son walked back to the house in tri- umph, each holding a hind leg of the coon.

On another day, when the Colonel was out walking with two of his boys his dog Susan treed a possum. He shot it, and while his five-year-old remarked to his seven-year-old "it's the first time I've seen a fellow killed!"

During the summer, Colonel Roosevelt loved to row and swim in Long Island Sound. Rev. Warren I. Bowman, the former pastor of the Methodist Church at Oyster Bay, thus described for Dr. Iglehart a rowing race he had with the Colonel:

"Colonel Roosevelt was a fine swimmer. His daughter Ethel often came down with him to the Sound for a swim. One afternoon I saw Mr. Roosevelt and Miss Ethel plunging into the water and making a race for the float some distance out on the Sound. It was a close race, each reaching the goal about the same time. Miss Ethel dived from the float and swam about it for fifteen or twenty minutes. Meanwhile the Colonel walked back and forth on the float apparently

in a brown study. I suspected he was preparing some great message or speech. When his daughter had finished her swim, he banished his serious thoughts and resumed the sporting spirit, and the two dived together and made a race back to the shore.

"He was a fine oarsman; he had powerful arms; they were well skilled, and he made his boat fairly skip through the water. I am pretty strong myself and apt in handling the oars. One day I was out with my boat and, as was his custom, Mrs. Roosevelt and he were out in his boat, and I said to myself, 'I will pass him,' so I hurried and got pretty nearly up with him and he looked back and noticed that I was racing him. He struck his oars into the water, multiplied the stroke at a wonderful rate and the gap between was widened. He looked back at me laughingly, as much as to say, 'Young man, you must grow a little older before you can pass me.'"

The Colonel's interest in the Boy Scout movement is thus set forth by Rev. George E. Talmage, rector of the Episcopal Church at Oyster Bay:

"When General Baden-Powell was in this country in the interest of the new movement, there was an informal luncheon at Sagamore Hill, at which the general and some men prominent in the movement were present. The rector, although of little importance to the conference, was invited to meet them. He was introduced as 'my pastor,' and while the men tried their best to commit the Colonel to their cause they got no further than this—that he pointed out the importance of the individual scout master, and turned the discussion to a consideration of the merits of men in the village who might be fitted for such leadership. Without doubt

the invitation to the local pastor was for the very purpose of so turning the discussion. Later on he took a prominent place in the movement, and when the Roosevelt Troop of Boy Scouts was organized in the parish, consented to serve and did serve on the troop committee."

Edward Bok, editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, has recently revealed that Colonel Roosevelt seriously considered taking the leadership of the Boy Scout movement in America.

THE COLONEL'S PETS

I have tried to make a list of the pets the Colonel and his children fostered. The task is too big, but here are some of them mentioned in his letters:

Five guinea pigs, named by the boys, Bishop Doane, Dr. Johnson, Father Grady, Fighting Bob Evans, and Admiral Dewey;

A small bear named Jonathan Edwards; Maude, a large white pig, an inhabitant of Keystone Ranch;

The dogs Black Jack, Shady, Ace, Skip, Hector, Brier, Sailor Boy, Mike and Scamp;

Josiah, the badger;

The horses Fidelity, Yagenka, Betsy, Algonquin, Wyoming, Bleistein, Chief, Rusty, Ordgy, Renown;

Slipper, a cat;

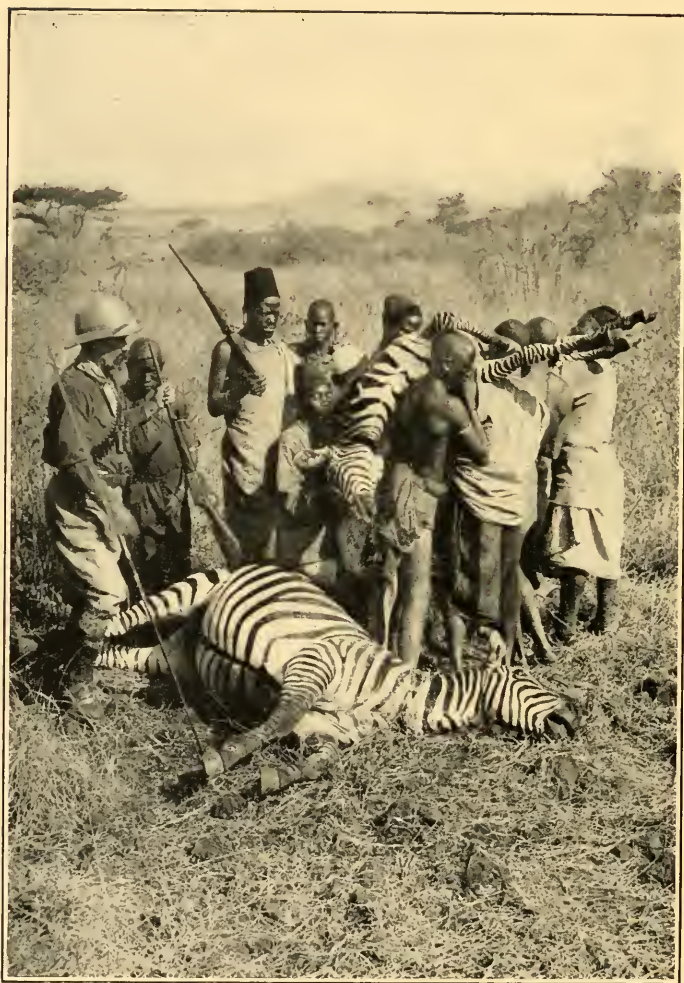
Tom Quartz, the kitten that played hide and seek with the leg of Joseph Cannon, Speaker of the House;

Bill, the lizard;

A King snake and "two little wee snakes";

"The kitchen cat" (otherwise unnamed);

And a hive of bees.



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A TYPICAL AFRICAN HUNTING SCENE

THROUGH THE AFRICAN WILDERNESS

XXII. "BWANA TUMBO"—THE GREAT HUNTER

*"Beyond the sea there's much contented grunting,
The wild hyena laughs;
The elephant has trumpeted: 'No hunting!
And no more photographs!'"*

*Beyond the sea the tom-toms are a-drumming,
Farewell to Theodore;
All Africa with business is now humming,
Dried up the trail of gore.*

*He will not change for monkeys, lions, tigers,
The empire of the West,
Sweet Oyster Bay's cool plunge for torrid Niger's,
The man who knows no rest."*

—WALTER BEVERLY CRANE, in "Life."

AN elephant, straying from its herd, broke into a bazaar in Masingi, East Africa. It played havoc with the merchandise spread out for sale and created a panic among the natives.

"Do not worry," their ruler told them, "Colonel Roosevelt is on his way to hunt in this section; he will rid Masingi of bad elephants."

Lions had approached Kilindini, the landing-place at Mombasa. The people were in terror. "Be at peace—President Roosevelt will slay them!" the natives were told. Thus Roosevelt's fame went before him.

Roosevelt faced other dangers on this trip than those which arose from contact with wild animals. Some of the native tribes of the Somalis, called the Mullahs, had been showing signs of rebellion and it was feared by the British Government that they would go on the war-trail and attack white hunters. When these tribes go on the rampage, they set out for the hunting districts where game abounds and then if they meet white men trouble is likely to arise. To protect the Roosevelt party against such attacks, the Governor of the protectorate was ordered by the Colonial Office in London to use all available means of safeguarding the Colonel and his comrades. Due probably to these precautions, no conflicts with the Mullahs occurred.

The welcome that awaited Roosevelt at Mombasa delighted him. Natives from all parts of the country had heard of the coming of the "Great White Chief" and had poured into Mombasa to greet him. The black women wore flaring dresses of cheap, many-colored cotton prints and huge anklets of silver, wrought by hand and weighing many pounds. Farther back in the country the cotton cloth was replaced as a dress material by the skins of wild animals, and on that part of the limbs which the furs did not cover, rolls of iron or copper wire were worn.

Mingling with the natives who thronged Mombasa to greet the great American were many Britons. The best blood of the British Empire flowed in the veins of these English settlers. They were men and women who had ample incomes, being members of the aristocracy and of wealthy classes who had been drawn to Africa by a love of the wilderness. They greeted Roosevelt with warmth and admiration, and made him

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the guest of honor at a dinner given at the Mombasa Club.

Roosevelt, while arrangements for his hunting were being completed, found time to go sight-seeing.

He visited the spot in Mombasa where until within a few decades, Tippu-Tib, a notorious Arab slave-dealer, had brought in the natives captured by him in his raids through the jungle, and had sold them at auction to the Arabs of Mombasa.

He also visited the ancient fort which, in the seventh century, was begun by Arab conquerors. Vasco Da Gama, the famous Portuguese explorer, had come to these shores at a later period and had completed the building of this fort. Its massive walls had changed ownership many times. Within the enclosure the white man and the Arab had fought again and again for its control. Then came a time when Yussuf, an Arab chieftain, defeated the Portuguese governor, whereupon followed a massacre in which every white man, woman and child were put to death.

Pleased as the Colonel was with Mombasa and its people, he was yet anxious to be off for the hunt. It was decided that the party should go by special train to Nairobi, which was to be used as hunting headquarters.

A hunter reported that he had recently shot in the cannibal country an elephant whose tusks weighed 290 pounds. "That promises good sport!" Roosevelt cried.

Baron Tallian de Vizek, a Hungarian hunter, reported that he had found plenty of antelope, zebra, elands, gnu and rhinoceri.

"Guess we won't have our trip for nothing, Kermit!" laughed the Colonel.

Their ride on the Uganda Railway was in itself a unique experience for the travelers. Roosevelt was proud to find that the locomotives used on this railroad had been made in Philadelphia. The country through which the train passed abounded with wild animals. It was, in fact, a gigantic zoological garden where every sort of jungle creature could be seen.

The cow-catcher of the engine was used as an observation car. A seat wide enough to hold five persons was fastened on to the engine's front, resting on the cow-catcher. Roosevelt, it need not be said, occupied a place on this unique sight-seeing contrivance.

No traveler enters into the wilds of Africa without thinking of men who went before into these vast jungles—such as the valiant missionary David Livingstone and the fearless explorer Henry M. Stanley.

LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY

Livingstone had been sent to Africa by the London Missionary Society, and had begun work in Bechuanaland. As he skirted the wilderness he yearned to be able to penetrate their depths, to reach the multitudes who had never heard the Gospel. At last an English big game hunter, William Cotton Oswell, supplied him with funds and the two men together began to explore the "regions beyond."

In June, 1851, they reached Central Zambesi. Livingstone then returned, procured more funds, and made a remarkable journey into Central Africa from the South, tracing the Zambesi river to near its source and discovering streams leading into the Congo.

Stanley was born in Wales. His father died when the boy was young and Henry was left to the care of a workhouse. He escaped from this and went to live with an

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aunt in Liverpool and when the Civil War broke out in America joined the Southern side. Later he enlisted in the United States Navy and by his letters to newspapers, began his career as a journalist.

In 1868 he offered himself to the New York Herald as a correspondent for the English campaign in Abyssinia and was accepted. He then received a cablegram from James Gordon Bennett, editor of the Herald, instructing him to find Livingstone. He started from Zanzibar on March 21st, 1871, with a company of three white men, thirty-one armed Zanzibar free-men, and 153 porters. He carried bales of cloth and loads of beads and wire in place of money.

At an Arab port on Lake Tanganyika he heard that an old white man had passed that way. The hope that this was Livingstone spurred Stanley.

A six hours' march brought them to Ujiji. The natives flocked about them. A tall black man, clad in a long white shirt, said "Good Morning!" in English.

"Who are you?" asked Stanley.

"I am Susi, Sir, the servant of Dr. Livingstone."

Stanley, overjoyed, followed Susi to the market-place of the town and found an old man clad in a red flannel blouse, gray trousers, and a blue cap.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" he said, lifting his helmet.

"Yes!" said the old man with a smile.

"I thank God, doctor, that I have been permitted to see you!" said Stanley.

"I feel more thankful that I am here to welcome you!" replied Livingstone.

Livingstone decided that it was his duty to stay and finish his work. Eight months later he died.

Stanley then undertook the duty of continuing Livingston's explorations.

When he met the Emperor of Uganda, Stanley translated the Gospel of St. Luke for him. The Emperor, M'tesa, grew interested in the Christian religion.

"Shall we believe in Jesus or in Mohammed?" he asked his people.

"Jesus!" they said. The white men had won because they had set a better example than the Arab traders who believed in Mohammed.

Stanley circled Lake Victoria Nyanza and traced "Livingston's River" to its outlet into the Atlantic Ocean. To do this Stanley had to cut his way through hundreds of miles of almost impassable forests, battling with cannibal tribes most of the journey. It was through these historic regions the Roosevelt party journeyed.

On the evening preceding the day of the Colonel's trip, giraffes had knocked down a telegraph pole and some wires along the track, thus putting the telegraph service out of commission.

The train rolled away from the jungles of the coast, passed through magnificent forests, and emerged on broad prairies. On this open land the hunters saw immense numbers of antelopes, zebras and ostriches. The Colonel could not but contrast his easy entrance into Africa with the hardships endured by Livingstone and Stanley when they blazed a trail into its heart.

The clatter of the trains had frightened the lion and the rhinoceros from the vicinity of the tracks, but in some places the lion could still be seen. One of the places passed through was Simba, called "The Place

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of Lions." At "Rift Valley" they beheld vast flocks of flamingoes, as well as giraffes and elephants.

Roosevelt left the train at Kepiti Plain Station. Here his host, Sir Alfred Pease, greeted him. With him was R. J. Cuninghame, a Scotch scout and hunter, who was to guide the party. Two hundred natives, who were to act as gun-bearers, tent-boys and horse-boys, shouted their welcome. With them were fifteen native soldiers, to keep order among the porters.

At one place where they pitched tents the grass took fire and threatened to burn up the camp and the outfits. However, all hands set to work to fight it. Colonel Roosevelt took an active part, and his experience with prairie fires on our Western prairies helped him conquer this jungle blaze. All of the grass surrounding the camp was at once cleared away and the tents were thus made safe.

XXIII. TRACKING BIG GAME

ROOSEVELT hunted in two ways. At first he made his headquarters on the estate of settlers like Sir Alfred Pease, George McMillan or Hugh Heatley, and made daily trips into the jungle for game. After that he marched with his porters into the wilderness, pitching his tent at night, and going daily farther into the jungle. This latter mode of traveling was called "on safari." The string of blacks, bearing heavy loads, marched along the trail as happy as children.

They would wear the clothing that the government regulations required, but whenever possible they would add to it some comical ornament, such as a red fez, or a head-dress of feathers, or pieces of skin. The native who secured possession of an umbrella, no matter how torn or faded it was, was fortunate indeed, in the eyes of his fellows. The march would be enlivened by the blowing of horns or the beating of tom-toms, or the chanting of native refrains.

The "askiris," or camp policemen, marched at the front. Then came the head-man, who was free of the duty of carrying a burden, and whose sign of authority was a dirty-white umbrella. Then came the flag-bearer, holding aloft "Old Glory." Then came a man whose duty it was to either blow an antelope horn or beat a drum to keep the porters stepping lively.

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At the day's end, the tents were pitched in rows, with a street between them, a camp-fire was kindled, and the Colonel and his comrades sat around it and read or chatted.

The Colonel's tent was covered by an awning to protect it from the tropical sun. It had a rear apartment for bathing and a canvas floor to keep out ticks, jiggers and scorpions.

SLAYING THE LION

To arouse the game, the native beaters strode before the hunters, urged on by the "head man." They were provided with all sorts of noise-making devices to scare the beasts. The beaters as a rule go into the jungle timidly, but they had heard that Roosevelt was a great hunter, and showed no fear. Kermit secured as many trophies with his camera as he did with his gun. Colonel Roosevelt bagged most of the specimens. At the Pease ranch, however, Kermit shot the first animal—an antelope that sped past him. Two days later the Colonel shot two wildebeests and a gazelle. Such hunting was too tame for Roosevelt. He was eager to track the lion, rhinoceros, hippopotamus and elephant. His desire was soon gratified. On a lion hunt a few days later, a big lion sprang from the bushes. Roosevelt met it as coolly as though he had been lion-hunting all his life, and easily killed it.

While on this trip Kermit lost himself in the wilderness and was forced to spend the night alone in its depths. His father, greatly anxious, was overjoyed when he found his way into camp the next day. Leaving the Pease ranch, the party went to that of Mr.

George McMillan, an American who had been attracted to this wild country from St. Louis.

The native way of killing lions was far different from that of the white sportsmen. Long, sharp spears were the only weapons used by the blacks. They came upon a lion and spread out and surrounded him. Then they closed in upon the roaring beast. The spearsmen approached until they were within a few yards of the lion. He charged them repeatedly, but each time the warriors remained steadfast, repelling the snarling brute with their weapons. At last he gathered himself for a desperate leap against his enemies. A dozen spears entered his body. Nevertheless, he managed to drag down one of the hunters, who, however, escaped without serious wounds.

On another such hunt a native spearsman found himself deserted by his fellows when the lion made his last desperate spring. He stood his ground. The lion, speared by the hunter, bit and clawed him, but the spearsman saved himself from serious injury by thrusting his elbow into the dying brute's mouth. His arm was chewed and gashed, but not beyond healing.

An encounter with a large, black-maned lion in the Sotik district brought Roosevelt as near to death as he was at any time throughout the trip. The lion may not be the most dangerous African beast when unmolested, but when wounded or cornered it fights desperately and a man who approaches it is in grave peril. Such was the case with Roosevelt. The brute had taken refuge in a clump of bushes. The beaters were trying to drive it from its lair.

Suddenly the lion sprang from the bush, growling furiously. It charged full speed at Roosevelt. With

cool courage and deliberate aim he fired his rifle. The bullet went true, and the lion fell in a heap almost at the Colonel's feet. The bullet struck the animal in the chest and entered its heart. Roosevelt's escape was narrow, yet he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had met the chief peril of the jungle and come out safe by his own wit and steadiness.

In this locality Kermit was fortunate enough to kill a large, tawny-maned lion that was the largest of its kind obtained by the expedition.

THE AFRICAN BUFFALO

There came now an echo of Roosevelt's hunt for American bison, for on these trips into the jungle he met and slew the African buffalo. This beast is dangerous because of his tendency to charge the hunter. The rush of a herd carries everything before it. Roosevelt and his comrades found a herd of these lurking in a papyrus swamp. They wounded two of them. The hunters had no thought that there were others buffaloes nearby, but suddenly a big herd of them rushed out into the open and halted before them. Had the brutes charged in the direction of the hunters, the men would have been trampled to death. If any of the party had shown fear and started to run the beasts would have pursued. If a shot were fired at one or two, the herd would have rushed at its assailants. The men stared at the buffaloes; the buffaloes stared at them. Then, suddenly, the herd relieved the suspense by turning and scampering away in the opposite direction.

AN ELEPHANT CHARGE

F. C. Selous, the famous big game hunter, who in his career killed over three hundred lions, was for a time Roosevelt's companion in Africa. It was Selous's wise counsel that saved Roosevelt from a dangerous situation when the hunters came upon a herd of elephants.

The Colonel had gone into a dense thicket in pursuit of a wounded lion. Following him went Selous and Kermit. The Colonel, meanwhile, had caught sight of a herd of elephants, led by a huge tusker. Roosevelt lifted his gun to fire.

Selous called to him:

"For the life of you, don't shoot! A bullet will bring a charge of the herd and we may be trampled to death. Follow me!"

The three men climbed a nearby tree. From this position Roosevelt raised his Winchester and sent a half-dozen bullets into the leader of the herd.

The elephant, screaming with pain, charged, but when close to the tree he fell with a crash. The remainder of the herd rushed into the forest. The warning of Selous had probably saved the Colonel from being trampled by the beast or from being crushed by its swirling trunk.

Another battle with an elephant occurred after the party had followed the tracks of a small herd and come upon it in a dense part of the jungle. Roosevelt caught a glimpse of a big bull elephant which was resting his tusks on the branch of a tree. The elephant fell, severely wounded, but just at that moment another bull elephant broke through the bushes and charged so

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close to the Colonel that if he had not been panic-stricken, he could have caught Roosevelt in his trunk. Cuninghame fired but the brute's rush had carried him to safety.

One day the party met a baby elephant, about two months old. They took it alive to camp by means of a rope and sent it as a gift to the Zoological Gardens at New York.

HUNTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

In the Sotik district the hunters had an exciting battle with a hippopotamus. This animal is at home in either deep or shallow water, but he prefers the shallows, in which he can travel fast.

Roosevelt and his party were skirting the shore of Lake Naivasha. On the shore of a little bay they espied a big hippopotamus. Cuninghame, Kermit and the Colonel entered a rowboat and started toward him. The last-named fired a bullet through the shoulder of the beast while he was about one hundred yards away.

The beast sprang into the water, and with gaping jaws, lumbered toward their boat. The Colonel fired his gun repeatedly, while Kermit fired—his camera! The hippopotamus approached dangerously close to the boat, but at last one of the bullets tore into a vital spot, and he fell dead in the water.

Roosevelt, while visiting the Attenborough brothers at Lake Naivasha, remembered that he had not yet added to his bag a bull hippopotamus. His hosts insisted on his hunting one in their lake.

Roosevelt found and shot his hippopotamus without

great trouble, though this type of beast is dangerous when aroused.

In recalling his African experiences in his Autobiography, Roosevelt touched very modestly upon his encounters with wild beasts:

"Taking into account not only my own personal experience, but the experiences of many veteran hunters, I regard all the four African animals, but especially the lion, elephant, and buffalo, as much more dangerous than the grizzly. As it happened, however, the only narrow escape I personally ever had was from a grizzly, and in Africa the animal killed closest to me as it was charging was a rhinoceros—all of which goes to show that a man must not generalize too broadly from his own personal experiences. On the whole, I think the lion the most dangerous of all these five animals; that is, I think that, if fairly hunted, there is a larger percentage of hunters killed or mauled for a given number of lions killed than for a given number of any one of the other animals. Yet I personally had no difficulties with lions. I twice killed lions which were at bay and just starting to charge, and I killed a heavy-maned male while it was in full charge. But in each instance I had plenty of leeway, the animal being so far off that even if my bullet had not been fatal I should have had time for a couple more shots. A bull elephant, a vicious 'rogue,' which had been killing people in the native villages, did charge before being shot at. My son Kermit and I stopped it at forty yards. Another bull elephant, also unwounded, which charged, nearly got me, as I had just fired both cartridges from my heavy double-barreled rifle in killing the bull I was after—the first wild elephant I had ever seen. The

second bull came through the thick brush to my left like a steam plow through a light snowdrift, everything snapping before his rush, and was so near that he could have hit me with his trunk. I slipped past him behind a tree. People have asked me how I felt on this occasion. My answer has always been that I suppose I felt as most men of like experience feel on such occasions. At such a moment a hunter is so very busy that he has no time to get frightened. He wants to get in his cartridges and try another shot."

Mr. McMillan, whom Colonel Roosevelt visited on his ranch near Nairobi, said:

"Colonel Roosevelt is a fair shot, not an extraordinary marksman. Kermit is a better shot than his father, as Colonel Roosevelt admits to every one except Kermit. He is afraid it would make the young man think too much of himself to tell him so. It does not, however, take any wonderful marksmanship to hit an elephant or rhinoceros."

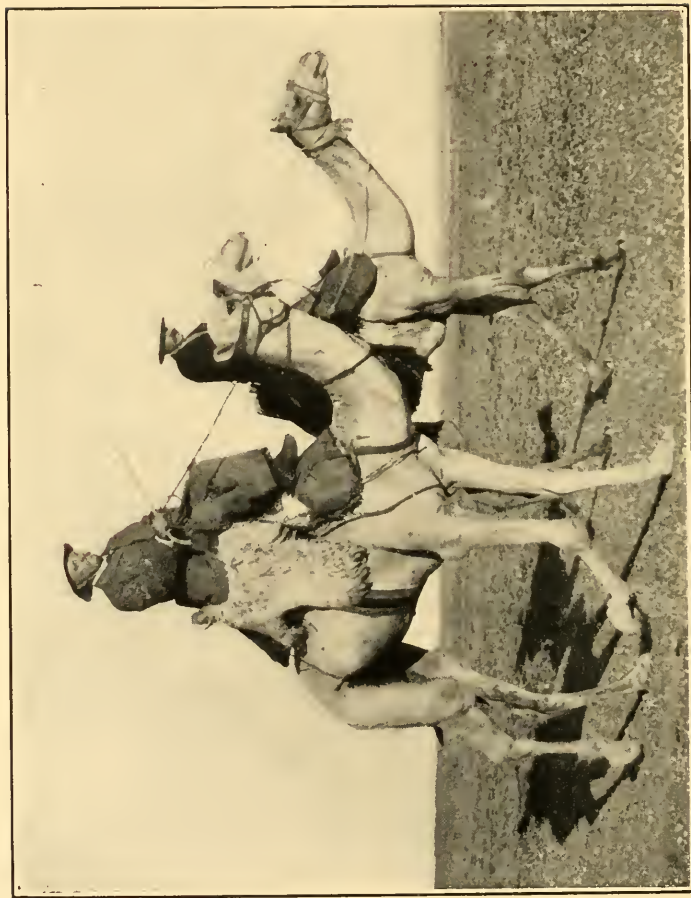
"Bwano Tumbo is a mighty hunter," said Cuninghame, "but if his laurels have been imperiled at all on this expedition it has been by Kermit, who is one of the deadliest shots and nerviest men, young or old, I ever met."

The President in a letter to his daughter Ethel, from the 'Nzor River, Africa, described vividly the sensation of a night spent in the jungle, with hyenas howling and lions roaring about the camp. In this letter he pays a warm tribute to Kermit, praising him for his keenness, cool nerve, horsemanship and other sportsmanlike qualities. He states that it is rare for a boy with Kermit's refined tastes and love of literature to be at the same time a bold, cool, hardy hunter.

In the National Museum in Washington may be seen the trophies Roosevelt brought back from the hunt. The metal plates which explain to visitors the contents of the cases, are enduring witnesses of his prowess as a hunter and his skill as a naturalist.

Roosevelt was not the kind of hunter who goes forth merely to slaughter. He shot nothing on his African trip except what was required in the interest of science or for food for his caravan. He expressed his abhorrence of the wanton killing of game in these words:

"Kermit and I kept about a dozen trophies for ourselves. Otherwise we shot nothing that was not used either as a museum specimen or for meat—usually for both purposes. We were on hunting grounds practically as good as any that had ever existed; but we did not kill a tenth, nor a hundredth part of what we might have killed had we been willing. The mere size of the bag indicates little as to a man's prowess as a hunter, and almost nothing as to the interest or value of his achievements."



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ROUGH-RIDING THROUGH EGYPT

XXIV. THE RETURN FROM THE JUNGLE

FROM Nairobi the naturalists shipped to America the specimens they had gathered. The long homeward journey began. They went south of the railroad into the Sotik district, which abounded in birds and beasts of all kinds. They hunted northward in the region of Mt. Elgon, a district known as Uasin Gishu Plateau. After that a visit was made to Lake Victoria Nyanza. Here they boarded a steamer and went to Entebbe, the headquarters of the British Governor of Uganda.

At Campalla the Colonel met the native king of Uganda, and in a Catholic mission there was thrilled to hear the native children, under the direction of Father Paul, a friend of the Colonel, sing our national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner." From the vicinity of Victoria Nyanza they followed the road 160 miles to Lake Albert Nyanza, where tribal chiefs brought them gifts of fruit and sheep. From this lake they went by boat past the mouth of the Victorian Nile, which teemed with crocodiles, into the White Nile, where they came to a hot country known as the "Lardo." From this region they marched to Gondokoro, and here, after an eleven months' trip their hunting ended.

Gondokoro proved to be a settlement at which a few traders made their headquarters. Small shops kept by Greeks and Indians were found there. It is located on the White Nile. Once a month the place was visited by steamers from Khartoum. A large ivory and slave

trade once centered here, and ivory trading is still carried on. The community is also a famous mission station.

On the outskirts of the town, Chief Keriba, attended by his native band, met the Roosevelt expedition and escorted them into Gondokoro. The first tune to greet the Colonel was "America."

At Gondokoro Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit were overjoyed to receive a message from Mrs. Roosevelt and Ethel, who had arrived at Naples on their way to Khartoum to meet the Colonel.

"It made me realize just how near home I was getting!" he said.

ON CLEOPATRA'S RIVER

At the end of the hunting expedition, the Colonel chose the Nile River as the route for his return to civilization. The source of the Nile is in Uganda. Its head waters are in lake Victoria Nyanza, which is at an elevation of four thousand feet. From here the Nile flows down through the smaller lake of Albert Nyanza, and then continues on its course for three thousand and five hundred miles, where it flows into the Mediterranean. Parts of the Nile are unnavigable, so that to make the entire journey, one must go by foot-paths past rapids, then by canoe or steamboat, then by rail, and then again by boat.

At Gondokoro, Uganda, the Colonel boarded the Government steamer "Dal." Towed by the steamer was a huge barge, bearing the specimens secured in the hunt, in charge of eleven picturesque negroes who had belonged to his "safari." The boat route continued to Khartoum, a desert city, the history of which is full of

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stirring episodes. When the Mahdi rebellion occurred in the Egyptian Soudan, in 1884, this city which was a headquarter for English officials, was attacked by the Arab insurrectionists. General Gordon defended it, but before the army sent to aid him reached the place, the city fell and brave Gordon was slain.

The English retired and left the Arabs in possession. The latter then built the city of Omdurman, across the river from Khartoum. In 1898 Kitchener led the English against the Arabs and defeated them, ending their control in this territory. At Khartoum today stands Gordon College, named in honor of the gallant General, and the sons of Arabs who fought against Gordon are among its students.

Below Khartoum a series of cataracts make the Nile difficult to navigate. The Roosevelt party, now increased by Mrs. Roosevelt and Ethel, who had joined the Colonel at Khartoum, went by train a distance of about six hundred miles, where at Wady Halfi they resumed their river voyage.

At Abu Sambul, they viewed four tremendous statues of Rameses the Great overlooking the valley of the Nile. At Assouan they visited tombs containing the mummies of Egyptian kings who had lived a thousand years before Christ. At Luxor they saw the ruins of the ancient city of Thebes, where the most ancient as well as the best specimens of Egyptian art and architecture, such as the temple of Ammon, were still standing. The guide who took Roosevelt through the tombs of the kings at Karnak and Luxor was surprised to find that the former was well informed as to the lives of the ancient rulers. Hatesu VIII, he remembered, was the first woman ruler of civilized history.

From Luxor, the party continued to Cairo, the modern capital of Egypt. Here they mounted camels and visited by moonlight the Great Sphinx and the pyramids. The Sphinx, a wingless lion with a human head, was found to be 189 feet long, carved out of an enormous rock by Egyptian sculptors, probably of the fourth dynasty.

At Cairo, when cheered by the Americans who called on him, he replied: "I wish I could give three cheers for every State from California to Massachusetts."

In Cairo, where the Mohammedan religion holds sway, Roosevelt paid a visit to the Elazhar mosque, which houses a Moslem university. The Colonel, in spite of the fact that he was an ex-President of the United States, was an infidel to the followers of Mohammed, and he was asked to tie yellow-colored Moslem shoes over his boots, so that the floors of the temple would not be profaned by the touch of an unbeliever. With amused tolerance, he complied. He found in the University that the teaching of the Koran was continued just as it had been for over a thousand years. The students, taught by white-bearded sheiks, droned out verses from Allah's Sacred Book. He found out that some of the students spent their entire lives in the University. Before he left Cairo, Wally Bey, a devout Mohammedan, as a token of appreciation of Roosevelt's interest in the Moslem religion, presented him with twelve books of the Koran, in Arabic, beautifully illuminated in gold, and probably two centuries old.

From Cairo the Roosevelts sailed to Alexandria and then took steamer for Naples, Italy.

XXV. "HANG THESE KINGS!"

SETH BULLOCK, Marshal of North Dakota, was wanted in London. His old chief had sent a cablegram to him. Colonel Roosevelt, surrounded by kings and court dignitaries, was lonely. He wanted to talk to a man after his own heart. "Hang these kings! I wish they would leave me alone!" he exclaimed jokingly when the monarchs and princes of Europe crowded in on him at Dorchester House, London, where they had gathered at the death of King Edward.

Roosevelt, when he decided to take a journey through Europe on his way home from Africa, had planned to travel as a private citizen. When, however, he emerged from the jungle and started down the Nile, the crowds that thronged at each landing to cheer him, showed him that he must submit to celebrations and banquets and parades wherever he went. In Egypt his reception was far more enthusiastic than that given to Prince Eitel, the Kaiser's son, who was then visiting that land.

At Alexandria the Colonel and his party took a steamer for Italy and here his triumphal journey through the courts of the old world began.

In Rome, "The Eternal City," he dined with the king and queen of Italy and found them delightful folk. He was amused, when he came to dine at the palace, to find a court rule that made him hold on to his hat until after he had walked into the table with the queen. When he entered the anteroom he tried to put down

his hat, but the attendant looked horrified and returned it to him. When he saw the queen approaching he again tried to put it down, but was again prevented. He found out at last that he was expected to walk in with the queen on one arm and his hat in the other hand. It reminded him of an East-Side wedding he had attended when Police Commissioner, at which he had escorted the bride's mother, with the lady on one arm and the hat in his other hand. The king invited the Colonel to go out to his country-place for the strange sport of digging badgers, but Roosevelt was forced to decline.

When Roosevelt agreed to deliver the Romanes Lecture at Oxford, he did not dream what a great task he was entering upon. When the news was announced, the Kaiser wanted him to speak in the University of Berlin. France wanted him to speak at the Sorbonne; Norway beseeched him to give the Nobel Lecture at Christiania; and so it went. Thus, on his way to London, he visited Rome, Vienna, Budapest, Paris, Brussels, The Hague, Copenhagen, Christiania, Stockholm, and Berlin.

Roosevelt found the sovereigns of Europe living what seemed to him pitifully restricted lives, shut off from contact with most of their people and with the rest of the world. They were eager to hear from him the stories that had come to them of his Wild-West adventures. They asked him how Ben Daniels, marshal of Arizona, got his ear bit off while enforcing the law; or they desired him to describe what was meant by a "gun-fighter." His encounters with grizzlies and pumas in America thrilled them, and they listened to his adventures in Africa with fascination.

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On the field of Vincennes in France, mimic warfare was conducted for the Colonel's benefit. "There was one thing I absolutely had to see here before I went to Germany," said he, "and that was the French army."

When he spoke at the Sorbonne, the entrance was covered with American and French flags, and multitudes crowded around the building to cheer him. Of his address the journal "Liberté" said:

"We have few men in France with energy equal to Mr. Roosevelt's, but thousands upon thousands who think as he does."

In Belgium King Albert greeted the Colonel warmly. The two had met in the United States when the king was crown prince.

In Holland Roosevelt told the people who greeted him: "I am visiting the country from which my people came three centuries ago."

Queen Wilhelmina awaited the Roosevelt party at her castle Het Loo, situated eighty miles away from The Hague. The Colonel arrived when Princess Juliana Louise Emma Marie Wilhelmina, who in spite of her title and long name was only one year old, was having a birthday celebration.

The Queen was very much interested in hearing about the founder of Roosevelt's family, who centuries before, had left Holland for America. Roosevelt had quoted in his address an old nursery rhyme, and the queen referred to this verse and mentioned in turn some that had been sung to her when she was a child.

The next day the Roosevelt party inspected a display of tulips, Holland's world-famous flower. It was pointed out to the Colonel that every year over eight million pounds of tulips were shipped by Holland

to America, where, as we know, they blossom into gorgeous crimson and golden cups in parks and gardens.

When the travelers arrived at the Danish Court, in Copenhagen, they were met by Crown Prince Christian. An entire palace was loaned to the party. The American minister, Maurice Francis Egan, guided the Colonel through the mazes of court custom. Roosevelt, however, had lost his baggage en route, and had to dine at the palace in a gray flannel shirt. When he first met the crown prince the thought of his missing dress suit was on his mind, and his first words to the prince were:

"I want to tell you about my baggage!"

The most interesting part of Roosevelt's visit to Denmark came when he visited the historic castle of Elsinore. Here the royal characters who appear in Hamlet are said to have lived. On these walls the ghost of Hamlet's father strode. The Danes told the Colonel their belief that Shakespeare had actually visited Elsinore with a company of players, and that on this visit the idea for his immortal drama had come to him.

"I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape and bid me hold my peace!" Roosevelt exclaimed as he walked the walls, repeating Hamlet's words.

The Colonel's intimate knowledge of wild beasts was revealed when, at Copenhagen, he was presented with four plaques of Danish porcelain, decorated with pictures of wild animals.

"This is not an African elephant!" he said of one illustration.

"You are right," replied the giver. "We had no study of African elephants, so we used the Asiatic type."

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Little Prince Olaf of Norway was wildly excited. A great hunter had come to visit his father and mother, King Haakon and Queen Maud. The visitor had brought his wife and son and daughter with him, and they were all the kind of folks a boy likes to play with. And Olaf, even if he was a prince, liked just what other boys liked.

Olaf had a liking for stories of wild animals. The great hunter had just come from Africa, where he had shot all kinds of savage beasts. He told Olaf of his adventures, and the young prince listened with open mouth, and staring eyes. Then the hunter, even though the king and queen were looking on, began to romp over the palace floor with Olaf just as if he were Olaf's own age. Olaf was so delighted that he shrieked. The court was in an uproar. The attendants were startled. Nothing like this had ever happened. Who was this American who was upsetting court dignity?

When they heard that it was Theodore Roosevelt, they understood. His fame had spread before him. He was the man who treated monarchs just as if they were plain people. And most surprising of all, they had learned, the kings and princes liked to be treated this way. They could prove it by their own eyes. Weren't King Haakon and Queen Maud delighted to see Olaf playing with this friendly man?

When Olaf heard that Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt and Kermit and Ethel were going away, he was broken-hearted.

Later, he went with his parents to London, and when he entered Buckingham Palace, where Queen Alexandra of Britain stayed, he heard that Colonel Roose-

velt was calling on her. He demanded to see him—in fact, he *squealed* to see him!

He found the Colonel at last, and there began another game of romps!

Roosevelt tossed him in the air and rolled him on the floor just as he had done to his own sons when they were young, and Olaf's cries of delight were so loud that they brought the Empress of Russia to the door. Her coming stopped the play, although Olaf clamored to be again tossed to the ceiling.

At Christiania, Roosevelt made a strong address in which he advocated an agreement among nations to reduce armies and navies, and to bring about a League of Peace.

"We should form a League of Peace," he said, "not only to keep the peace among ourselves, but to prevent, by force if necessary, its being broken by others."

When Roosevelt met the princes and noblemen of Austria, they were very eager to know how he intended to educate his boys. They looked at Kermit with admiration, and wondered how a youth so quiet and modest could have killed lions and elephants. Then the Colonel, perhaps to have fun with Kermit, told them that Ted was a still better shot and rider than either he or Kermit was.

He answered their questions about his sons' education by telling them that Ted, when he left Harvard, had gone into a mill; worked in a blouse; carried a dinner pail; become one with his fellow-workmen; and that he had gone from the mill to San Francisco, where he had learned how to sell carpets.

He told them that Kermit, when his Harvard course was ended, would have the same training. He let these

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noblemen, who were too often spendthrifts and idlers, know that he would feel disgraced if any of his sons refused to work hard for his living.

When the Colonel reached Berlin he found an invitation awaiting him to be the guest of the Kaiser. Mrs. Roosevelt was not mentioned in the invitation. The Colonel, discovering this, declined the invitation and informed the Emperor that he would stop at the American embassy. The invitation was repeated. "Mrs. Roosevelt and I," replied the Colonel, with the emphasis on the 'Mrs.', "will stop at the Embassy." The Kaiser at last saw that Roosevelt did not mean to go to a place where his wife was not welcomed and sent an invitation that included Mrs. Roosevelt and himself, whereupon the Colonel accepted.

It is interesting to recall, in view of the later events in which, Roosevelt helping, the German army was reduced to a ghost of its former might, that on his trip through Germany the Colonel sat on a horse beside the Kaiser and watched the latter's army wage a realistic sham battle. To attire himself fittingly for this spectacle, Roosevelt wore his American campaigning outfit, consisting of khaki jacket and riding breeches, tan leggings, and a black slouch hat. The Emperor wore the uniform of a general of infantry. When the engagement was over, the Kaiser, with more pride than he was able to display in the real battles of the world war, approached the Colonel, and said in the presence of his pompous staff officers:

"Mein freund Roosevelt, I am happy to welcome you in the presence of my guards. We are glad you have seen a part of our army. You are the only private citizen who ever reviewed German troops!"

Several years later the Kaiser's war-weary soldiers had a chance to review our troops. We called them "The American Army of Occupation," and Roosevelt's eldest son was among them as a Lieutenant-Colonel—but that of course is another story.

In London, due to the death of King Edward, the Colonel's entrance into the city was a quiet one. He rode in the funeral procession and afterwards was a guest at the royal luncheon given in Windsor Castle, where he sat at the table of King George. Over a hundred kings, queens, princes and princesses were present.

Roosevelt spent four weeks in England. After the king's funeral he made his first public appearance at Cambridge, where he went to receive a degree. His new D. D. robes were of pink and scarlet. The undergraduates, bent on fun, placed in the middle of his path a "Teddy Bear," and when he was leaving the hall the students in the galleries dangled "Teddy Bears" on strings, about his head. In their college paper, the "Gownsmen," appeared these lines:

"Now, seriously, Teddy, we're proud to have you here;
Your speeches may be out of date, your methods may
be queer;
But you've done some pretty decent things without
delay or fuss,
And you're full of grit inside, and that's what appeals
to us."

These student pranks were taken good-naturedly by the Colonel. They were offset a thousand times by the honors paid him.

At Oxford, where he went to deliver an address and

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receive a degree, the audience sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Lord Curzon, in bestowing on him the degree of doctor of civil law, opened his speech with this jesting rhyme, spoken in Latin:

"Behold, chancellor, the promised wight
Before whose coming comets turned to flight
And all the startled mouths of seven-fold Nile took
fright."

When he went to the Mansion House luncheon he was amused to find himself conveyed in the Lord Mayor's carriage of state, driven, Cinderella style, by a fat coachman who wore a cocked hat, plush breeches, silk stockings, plush coat and white wig.

At the Guildhall he made a speech that stirred both America and Great Britain, through its frank advice to the British on their government of Egypt. Some said that he had failed to consider the feelings of his hosts, but Great Britain as a whole took his words as the counsel of a sincere friend. The Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, announced that he had seen the address before its delivery and had approved of it.

The Irish Party gave him a luncheon also, and he sat at a table decorated with Irish flags, shamrocks, and floral designs of Irish harps. He praised the men of Irish descent he had worked with in America.

One of the most delightful adventures that came to the Colonel while he was in England was the trip he made with Sir Edward Grey through the valley of Itchen, for the purpose of studying bird life. Roosevelt, through his reading of English poetry, had become interested in the birds who had inspired Shakespeare, Milton, Keats and Shelley. He wanted to see them in

their native surroundings and he entered New Forest with Lord Grey with as much eagerness as when he plunged into the jungle to shoot lions.

The two men tramped for three or four hours. The trip began at Basingstoke. From that place they drove through the valley of the Itchen, and then tramped through New Forest to an inn at Brockenhurst. Among the forty-one birds they met and heard sing were thrushes, blackbirds, larks, yellowhammers, goldfinches, stock doves, starlings, pheasants, swallows and partridges. The note of the blackbird pleased the Colonel especially. He saw the lark sing and soar exactly as Wordsworth described it.

Ten days later, when the traveler came home to Sagamore Hill, he plunged into the woods surrounding it and had the interesting experience of comparing Long Island birds with those he had heard in England.

On his voyage from England to New York, the Colonel showed that his association with kings had not made him one whit less democratic. One day he went down into the stokehold, grasped warmly the black hands of the stokers, talked with them about their work, and at last lifted a shovel and threw several shovels of coal into one of the great furnaces.

MORE TRAILS OF ADVENTURE

XXVI. THE BULL MOOSE

WHEN the Colonel returned to America he found a host of political friends demanding that he again take part in the conduct of the nation. In a talk with Lawrence F. Abbott, of the "Outlook," an intimate friend, he expressed a wish to live the life of a country gentleman, living outdoors and reading, writing and lecturing as occasions rose.

"My political career is ended," he said. "No man in American public life has ever reached the crest of the wave without the wave's breaking and engulfing him. Remember Dewey!"

When he landed, President Taft, whom Roosevelt had chosen to succeed him, had been in office a year. A group of powerful insurgents had arisen in the Republican party and these claimed that the rest of the party, which they called the "Old Guard," and with which Taft was included, represented a backward instead of a forward movement in Republican politics.

The Progressives set to work to find a candidate who would oppose Taft in the next Presidential election. Roosevelt, in spite of his first resolve, was gradually drawn back into politics, and great pressure was brought to bear on him to become again a candidate for President. Seven Republican governors urged him to run.

At the Republican National Convention the rival candidates for the Presidential nomination were Taft and Roosevelt. Roosevelt appeared to have enough votes to secure his nomination. He conducted his own campaign at the convention but the Credentials Committee decided against him in a number of state contests and this prevented his getting the leadership of the party. Taft was nominated.

The delegates who voted for Roosevelt, believing that they represented a true majority of the Convention, "bolted," and gathered in a nearby hall and nominated Roosevelt for the presidency. Hiram W. Johnson of California, who in 1920 made a typical Roosevelt fight for the Presidential nomination, was nominated for Vice-President. Johnson said: "I would rather go down to defeat with Theodore Roosevelt than to victory with any other presidential candidate." Thus the Progressive Party came to life. Its battle, its leaders said, was in behalf of "Human Rights." The party was jokingly called "The Bull Moose," because when Roosevelt was asked how he felt, he replied: "I feel like a Bull Moose."

The contest which followed between Roosevelt and Taft was a bitter one—and involved somewhat of a tragedy in that formerly the two men had been the warmest of friends. Fortunately, before Roosevelt died, this stormy period was forgotten by them and the breach of friendship healed.

While Roosevelt was making his campaign for election, he visited Milwaukee. He entered an automobile in front of the Gilpatrick Hotel to go to the Auditorium, where he was to speak. At that moment he was shot by a weak-minded man named John Schrank.

The bullet lodged in his shoulder. His first thought was to save the man who shot him from mob vengeance. "Don't hurt the poor creature!" he said.

He insisted on going to the hall and delivering his speech. Kermit tried to persuade him to stop, but he kept on. At last the blood soaked through his clothing and showed a large stain. He staggered off the stage, supported by his son. Then he submitted to an X-ray examination and was moved to a Chicago hospital, where he soon recovered.

He wrote to Sir George Otto Trevelyan that he could not understand a public man not being so absorbed in his work as to exclude thoughts of assassination.

The divided Republican party went down to defeat before the Democrats.

The Progressive campaign had proved to be a strong personal triumph for Roosevelt, but from that time on his political fortunes ebbed. Later, the Republican Party was glad to welcome him back. To Senator Warren G. Harding the Colonel said that while it had been necessary for him to disrupt the party he would be very glad to re-enter the ranks.

Roosevelt found a hundred tasks awaiting him when his "Bull Moose" campaign ended in defeat.

He became a contributing editor to *The Outlook*, *The Metropolitan Magazine* and the *Kansas City Star*. He began to write his autobiography. He went after men who had been making false accusations against him.

The editor of the "*Ishpeming Iron Ore*" published in his paper an article which stated that "Mr. Roosevelt curses, lies and gets drunk frequently, and all his friends and intimates know this."

This article was brought to the Colonel's attention by indignant friends. He said that the time had come to slay a slander that had been circulating among people hostile to him. He brought suit to recover damages for slander. The case was tried in a Michigan court-house. Roosevelt testified that while he was "not a total abstainer" he never drank to excess.

Damages were awarded the Colonel. The editor admitted that he was mistaken. The Colonel said with a grin:

"I have wanted to nail that lie for a long time, and now it is nailed."

BACK TO THE WEST

On a trip he took West after the Bull Moose campaign, Roosevelt arrived at Cheyenne, Wyoming. Among the throngs that greeted the Colonel were cow-boys who had known him in his ranching days. Indians, in gayly-colored blankets, came to see the "great paleface chief." The cow-boy and Indian races that were held brought back to the Colonel the thrills of his prairie days. While at Cheyenne, the Colonel took a thirty-mile broncho ride to the ranch of Senator Warren.

The cowboys jokingly bet that Roosevelt would not come back on his mount.

He returned at nine o'clock that night in an automobile. The cowboys saw him and began to shout. He chuckled.

"Now, I would have come back on that broncho," he explained, "but it was so late when we started back that Senator Warren thought I ought to ride in the car. He did not want me to ride in the dark on the broncho, you see."

But the cowboys still yelled derisively.

Leulla Irwin, a thirteen-year-old girl who took part in a pony race, won the Colonel's praise because, though she had been hurt by a fall from her horse the day before, she insisted despite her bruises, on riding in the pony race the Colonel was to see.

"Then there was Buffalo Vernon," said Colonel Roosevelt. "I noticed that Vernon in his performance of throwing the wild buffalo had his wrist bandaged. I asked Vernon about this and he told me the wrist was broken the day before he threw the buffalo. There he was going through a performance that was hard enough with two sound wrists and he threw the buffalo, too.

"That is the spirit that these people show, and it is an answer to those who now and then say that under our civilization people are getting too soft. I liked to see the courage and admirable qualities displayed by these people yesterday; there was nothing soft about them."

His next undertaking was a trip to the Grand Canyon of Colorado. The main object of this trip was to give Archie and Quentin a taste of both the thrills and hardships of primitive Western life. Carrying no gun himself, he showed his boys how to hunt cougars.

From the country above the canyon, the party moved with its pack train to the Navajo Desert, a lonely, desolate place, where nothing lived except lizards and rattlesnakes.

They passed in their travels the broken, deserted villages of the cliff-dwellers, reaching at last, the gorge of the Natural Bridge. Quitting this inspiring scene, the party came, after a three-days' journey, to the vil-

lages of the Hopi, an Indian tribe. Here a snake dance was in progress. Only men of the tribe were permitted at this dance, but, since Roosevelt, when president, had been regarded by them as their Great White Chief, he was admitted to the sacred room.

On the floor squatted the naked, copper-colored Indian priests. Against the wall, on a dais, were a number of writhing rattlesnakes.

A priest sat on the floor with his back to the snakes. A snake left the mass and darted toward him. The Indian guarding the snakes touched it with a fan of eagle feathers and it turned and glided back. This happened several times. One snake, unseen by the guardian, came close to the Colonel's knee. A priest threw dust in its face. Then the guardian approached and stroked it with the fan of eagle feathers, and it too turned back.

Another ceremony attended by Roosevelt was that of the washing of the snakes, in which priests dipped rattlers in a great wooden bowl of water placed in the center of the room.

The priests near the bowl began to sway and chant. The guardians of the snakes passed them the poisonous serpents, until each priest near the bowl had as many as he could handle.

Then the chant ascended to a scream, and, all acting at the same time, the priests plunged the snakes into the great bowl, drew them forth, and threw them toward the altar. Then the priests with the fans of eagle feathers soothed them and sent them back to the dais.

BIG GAME OF THE SEA

Roosevelt was never fond of fishing. Land hunting occupied most of his spare time, yet, in the Spring of 1917, he spent a week in the exciting sport of devil-fishing off the Florida keys. Russell J. Coles, a scientific sportsman, persuaded the Colonel to go with him on a hunt for devilfish. The Colonel, having tried almost every other kind of sport, was eager to test the mettle of the "big game of the sea" and consented to spend a week at the sport. Coles hired a launch and an efficient crew of six men, and the fun began.

The custom was to live on a scow near the shore and to go from there by boat to the part of the sea where devilfish were usually found.

Harpoons were the weapons used. Roosevelt brought his "iron" home with him and added it to his collection of hunting trophies. The harpoon, when in use, is attached to a rope which is tied to the boat. One of the devilfish the Colonel and Coles slew, after the iron had entered its body, dragged the boat a full half mile before its strength failed. Then the crew drew the boat alongside and killed the fish.

The devilfish will not attack a person, but if attacked it will defend itself savagely. The skill required for devilfishing consists largely of being able to judge the speed at which the fish moves and to throw the harpoon accordingly. When Roosevelt killed his first devilfish, after missing one by an ill-timed throw, his weapon went through the hide, flesh and bone of the fish, clean through to its heart.

XXVII. THE RIVER OF DOUBT BECOMES THE RIVER
THEODORE

THE Colonel was always planning a new trip. When he came back from Africa he began to think of going to South America. When this was done, he meant to visit the South Sea islands. The latter trip he was never able to take. The last trail Roosevelt followed into the wilderness was when in 1913 to 1914, he plunged into the jungles of Brazil. Father Zahm, a Catholic priest with whom he was well acquainted, had proposed such a trip to him while he was President.

His African trip was then uppermost in the Colonel's mind and the South American trip was postponed. On his return from Africa, however, Roosevelt accepted invitations from Argentina and Brazil to address certain societies. It occurred to him then that after making this tour he could come north through the middle of the continent into the valley of the Amazon.

Frank Chapman, curator of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, appointed the naturalists George K. Cherrie and Leo E. Miller to accompany the party. Both were veterans of the tropical American forests. Anthony Fiala, an Arctic explorer, went along. Father Zahm also agreed to go. With him went an attendant Jacob Zigg. Kermit Roosevelt joined the party.

The naturalists planned to secure animal and plant specimens from the central plateau of Brazil, located

between the headquarters of the Amazon and the Paraguay Rivers.

At Rio de Janeiro, the Colonel met Mr. Lanro Müller, the Brazilian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who proposed a more adventurous trip than had been projected. He recalled to Roosevelt's mind that through the vast wilderness of western Brazil, there flowed a great river whose destination had never been traced, and which was therefore called Rio da Duvida, the River of Doubt. Colonel Rondon, a Brazilian explorer, was about to make an attempt to trace the source of this river, and Müller suggested to Roosevelt that he should go with him.

Having completed his speech-making tour, the Colonel started on this expedition from the city of Ascuncion, Paraguay. His party steamed northward up the Paraguay River, and when the Brazilian line came in contact with this river, Colonel Rondon and his comrades joined them. Rondon had had a quarter-century experience in exploring the Brazilian wilds and was therefore well fitted to guide them through the perils of the journey.

As they proceeded, Kermit captured a huge ant-eater, which was sent to the Natural Museum at New York. When passing through forests of palm they saw an immense number of gorgeous-colored parrots, parakeets and macaws. On the ranch of Senhor de Barras' they hunted spotted jaguars, and saw the armadillo, a turtle-like creature that, however, when pursued by dogs, fled with a speed no turtle possessed. On the ranch of Senhor Marques, they hunted peccaries—fierce wild pigs. Brazil abounds in birds and wild life. The most dangerous are the jaguar, ocelot and puma. Count-

less varieties of monkeys inhabit the forests, including howling monkeys. The birds range from the humming bird to the eagle. The Brazilians poetically call one kind of humming bird the "winged flower." Along the banks of the Amazon the grasses and wild plants overgrow the banks and the traveler is apt to step among these and find an alligator protruding his jaws close to his feet.

Touching upon Roosevelt's love of birds, Father Zahm describes in *The Outlook* this incident which happened while the Colonel was sailing up the Paraguay:

"He and I were reading on the quarter deck of the cruiser which was conveying our party from Asuncion to Corumba when presently we heard repeated rifle shots toward the bow. On inquiry we discovered that some member of the crew, in order to while away time, was firing at the birds which, in large numbers, were perched on trees on both sides of the river. As soon as he saw what was going on my companion became visibly agitated. The idea of killing and mutilating innocent birds as a mere pastime was too much for him. Rising hastily to his feet he explained with characteristic emphasis:

"By George, this thing must stop!"

And stop it did, in short order.

Father Zahm tells another story which further illustrates that Roosevelt was a hunter-naturalist instead of a game butcher. When in Brazil the Colonel was anxious to get a shot at a tapir, a curious animal he had never seen. However, after he had secured by his rifle the specimens he desired nothing could induce him to shoot another.

On January 21st, they sent back to the United States

the specimens they had secured and all unnecessary baggage, and, quitting the river travels, began their overland journey, to the River of Doubt.

After five weeks of difficult traveling they made their first contact with the river. Meanwhile, Father Zahm and his attendant Zigg had parted company with them, and Fiala and Müller had started on separate expeditions through other parts of the country.

Those who remained to trace the river to its source were Roosevelt and Kermit, Cherri, Colonel Rondon, Lieutenant Lyra, Doctor Cajazeira, and sixteen paddlers. They carried fifty days' rations.

In seven dugout canoes they started. When they came to rapids, which was frequently, it was necessary to walk along the shores until smooth water was reached. All sorts of insects tormented them. One night ants ate all of the doctor's undershirt. The insect bites in many cases developed into festering sores.

When the party took to the shore, the boats had to be carried, and to make this portage possible, roads had often to be cut. The journey began on February 27th, 1914, but by March 10th only sixty miles had been covered. Two of the canoes drifted from their moorings and were smashed. At one place, Kermit's canoe was swept down the rapids. Simplicio, one of the paddlers, was sucked under and drowned. Kermit, half-drowned and wholly exhausted, managed to swim to the shore.

One of the dogs of the Roosevelt party was found dead with two Indian arrows in its body. From that time the party had to take precautions against Indian attacks. The temper of the attendants became sorely tried. At last came a tragedy. Julio, one of their at-

tendants, a powerful fellow but a rogue, shot Paishon, a good-natured negro sergeant. The murderer escaped into the wilderness and was never found.

Their rations began to get low, and they were forced to limit themselves to two meals a day. They had to wade through water for days at a time.

For two days Roosevelt lay desperately ill. He had tried to right an upset canoe and had struck his leg against a boulder. The wound became inflamed, and fever set in. When the fever broke he was able to get to his feet, but he had to be carried over the portages on an improvised chair. The wound in his leg developed into an abscess. Then, before the journey ended another fever attacked him, and kept him prostrate for ten days, nursed by Kermit and his companions. He grew so weak and feverish that he despaired of ever seeing his home again.

They came at last to a signboard bearing the initials J. A. This board had been set up to mark the limits of the explorations of a rubber-seeker. Near this place they found the hut of an old Brazilian peasant, the first human being they had met in their seven weeks' journey.

Exhausted and sorely tried by the terrible hardships they had undergone, the explorers at last reached their destination. They had put on the map a river of some 1,500 kilometers' length, from its highest source to its confluence with the Amazon. Travel became easy from this point. The party went by steamer down the Madeira River, then to the Amazon and then back to the United States.

The Colonel and his party had undoubtedly rendered a great service to geographers by locating exactly the

course and destination of this river. Other explorers had discovered its source but they possessed neither the courage nor endurance to follow it to its mouth. It was a real River of Doubt, because nobody knew where it led until Colonel Roosevelt cleared away the mystery. A detailed account of the trip is contained in the Roosevelt volume "Through the Brazilian Wilderness."

The journey had been too much for even the Colonel's great strength and endurance. When he returned to New York, highly honored by the Brazilian government and praised for his achievements by explorers who knew the importance and difficulties of his undertaking, he was a sick man. His health was undermined. He admitted now that he had waited too long to undertake what had turned out to be the hardest and most perilous task of his outdoor career.

"There is no place in the world like it!" Roosevelt said the morning after his return from Brazil, as he sat on the porch of his home at Sagamore Hill and looked out at the landscape.

"Then, Colonel," a reporter for the New York Sun ventured, "why did you leave it and go on that long trip at your time of life?"

"I felt," said Roosevelt, "that if I wanted to do anything like that while I still had the strength to go through with it I should have to do so now."

Then he admitted that perhaps he had undertaken the trip too late.

AMERICA'S AWAKENER

XXVIII. "AMERICA AROUSE!"

"No nation ever amounted to anything if its population was composed of pacifists and poltroons, if its sons did not have the fighting edge, if its women did not feel as the mothers of Washington's Continentals felt, as the mothers of the men who followed Grant and Lee felt; men who are not ready to fight for the right are not fit to live in a free democracy."

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

WHEN Germany, pursuing her vain dream of world conquest, crushed Belgium and invaded France, Roosevelt was among the first in America to declare that the duty of the United States was to fight beside the Allies.

In his efforts to arouse the public to action, he quoted Lowell's homely lines:

"Better that all our ships an' all their crews
Should sink to rot in ocean's dreamless ooze,
Each torn flag wavin' challenge as it went,
An' each dumb gun a brave man's monument,
Than seek sech peace ez only cowards crave;
Give me the peace of dead men or of brave."

Roosevelt's reasons for urging the United States to join with the Allies against Germany were clearly set forth in a letter he wrote about this time to Samuel T. Dutton, Chairman of the Committee on Armenian

Outrages, which appears in his book, "Fear God and Take Your Own Part."

"The invasion of Belgium was followed by a policy of terrorism toward the Belgian population, the shooting of men, women and children, the destruction of Dinant and Louvain and many other places; the bombardment of unfortified places, not only by ships and by land forces but by air-craft, resulting in the killing of many hundreds of civilians, men, women and children, in England, France, Belgium and Italy; in the destruction of mighty temples and great monuments of art, in Rheims, in Venice, in Verona. The devastation of Poland and of Serbia has been awful beyond description, and has been associated with infamies surpassing those of the dreadful religious and racial wars of seventeenth century Europe. Such deeds as have been done by the nominally Christian powers in Europe, from the invasion of Belgium by Germany to the killing of Miss Cavell by the German Government, things done wholesale, things done retail, have been such as we had hoped would never again occur in civilized warfare. They are far worse than anything that has occurred in such warfare since the close of the Napoleonic contests a century ago. Such a deed as the execution of Miss Cavell, for instance, would have been utterly impossible in the days of the worst excitement during our Civil War."

When the *Lusitania* was sunk by a German submarine on May 7, 1915, and 1,153 innocent souls, among whom were 114 Americans, went down to their death, Roosevelt flamed forth in indignation, and declared:

"Unless we act with immediate decision and vigor

we shall have failed in the duty demanded by humanity at large, and demanded even more clearly by self-respect of the American public."

The presidential election of 1916 came. Preparedness was an issue. Roosevelt was spoken of as a candidate for the Presidency.

"It would be a mistake to nominate me," he said, "unless the country has in its mood something of the heroic; unless it feels not only like devoting itself to ideals, but to the purpose measurably to realize those ideals in action."

The Colonel was not nominated.

A few months after the election Germany's disregard of American rights caused our country to enter the conflict against her. On February 2, 1917, the Colonel wrote to the Secretary of War again asking permission to raise a volunteer division.

"In such event, I and my four sons will go," he publicly announced, and added: "I don't want to be put in the position of saying to my fellow countrymen, 'Go to war.' I want to be in the position of saying: 'Come to the war; I am going with you.'"

Thousands of plain and distinguished Americans above the draft age volunteered to serve under him. So eager was he to go to the front at the head of his own regiment that in April, 1917, he went to Washington to plead in person with the President for his permission. He went unannounced and, failing to find the President in, he called on him again. The President listened to the ex-President's views with interest and courtesy, but did not give him a definite reply. A writer who was close to Wilson states that the Presi-

dent was inclined to grant Roosevelt's request but was over-ruled by war officers.

Later, the Secretary of War praised the Colonel for his patriotic spirit, but forwarded the recommendation of the General Staff to the effect that no American troops be employed in active service at the battlefront until after an adequate period of training and that only regular officers be put in command of them. This plan excluded regiments of the type suggested by Roosevelt.

Roosevelt said, out of his bitter disappointment:

"As far as I am concerned, this is a very exclusive war."

Later, he wrote to his boys:

"The toothless old lion must stay at home, while the lion's brood is out fighting!"

Men who could not forget partisan politics were ready to criticize Roosevelt when he was pouring out his dearest treasures to save our people—including his critics—from the heel of Prussian oppression. When Kermit chose to accept a commission with the British forces—from which he later entered the American army—the Colonel's foes said that it was unpatriotic for Kermit to fight under the Union Jack instead of under the Stars and Stripes. John J. Leary, Jr., records in his book "Conversations with Roosevelt," the old lion's wrath:

"I do not care a hang how or where my boys or any other man's boys fight, so long as they do fight," he declared. "The important thing is that they are fighting and that they are fighting Germany."

"Three of my boys are in the American army and in American uniforms. This one is going to fight in a

British uniform. It does not make any difference to me what uniform they fight in. The main point is they are fighting, and I don't care a continental whether they fight in Yankee uniforms or British uniforms, or in their night shirts, so long as they are fighting. That's the main point—they are fighting."

XXIX. "QUENTIN, THE EAGLE"

FIGHTING STOCK

Quentin, the eagle, nobly dead!
Theodore wounded, but plunging ahead;
Archie, torn in the shrapnel's rain,
Pleading to lead his lads again!
Kermit, leaping from honors won
To wrench new victories from the Hun!
Here is no shielded princeling clan,
But front-line champions of man!
Come, have we called the roll entire?
Nay, add to it that sturdy sire
Who guides in spirit his Bayard breed
To starry goal and shining deed!

Fighting stock! Fighting stock!
And millions more of the same brave strain,
Plowing through Picardy and Lorraine!
What tyrant can withstand their shock?
Fighting stock! Fighting stock!

—BY DANIEL HENDERSON.

Archie came back, to recover from his wounds, in time to be with his father at his death. Theodore, Jr., though gassed and wounded, and Kermit remained at the battle-front until the last troops came home. Quentin stays in France, buried near where he, to use the Colonel's own reference, "had fought in high air like an eagle, and, like an eagle, fighting had died."

One of the things that contributed to the breakdown of Roosevelt, was the death of Quentin, who was the youngest son and very close to his heart.

Yet when news came of Quentin's death, he unconsciously gave other parents an example of fortitude by simply announcing:

"Quentin's mother and I are very glad he got to the front and had the chance to render some service to his country and show the stuff that was in him before his fate befell him." It is said that on the morning after he received the news of Quentin's death the father went into the stable at Sagamore Hill, put his arms around Quentin's favorite pony, and gave way to tears.

Reverend Ambler M. Blackford, a former teacher of Quentin's, has told in *The Outlook*, that when eleven years old, Quentin, like his father, was interested in every conceivable subject; had marked powers of concentration; was a good student, and passed his examinations with flying colors.

He was greatly interested in the domestic animals around the school. One day he bought from the stableman for seventy-five cents a young pig, put it in a sack, slung it over his shoulder, and carried it two miles to the trolley that ran to Washington. Boarding the crowded car, he put the bag down beside him. A passenger started to sit down on the bag, and a squeak from within it revealed its contents to the amused passengers. Quentin, with the instincts of a trader, sold the pig at a higher price to a dealer in Washington. When his father heard of it he ordered a second pig from Quentin for a dinner at the White House.

That Quentin would become an aviator was peculiarly foreshadowed in a letter he wrote to Mr. Blackford in 1919 from Paris:

"We were at Rheims and saw all the aeroplanes flying and saw Curtis who won the Gordon Bennett Cup for the swiftest flight. You don't know how pretty it is to see all the aeroplanes flying at a time. At one

time there were four aeroplanes in the air. It was the prettiest thing I ever saw. The prettiest one of the ones was a monoplane called the Antoinette, which looks like a great big bird in the air. It does not wiggle at all, and goes very fast. It is awfully pretty turning. Tell S—— that I am sending him a model of an aeroplane that winds up with a rubber band. They work quite well. I have one which can fly a hundred yards, and goes higher than my head. Much love to all, from Quentin."

Captain Alexander H. McLanahan of Philadelphia, one of Quentin's fellow-aviators, has thus given to the public, through Irvin R. Bacon, the story of Quentin's last battle:

"Our airdrome was north of Verdun, about twenty miles back of the American front line. Quentin had joined us June 1. He had been instructor at the aviation school at Issoudun and I had formed his acquaintance there. I left Issoudun for patrol work at the front about two months before Quentin was allowed to join us. They liked his work at the aviation school so well that he had a hard time to obtain leave to get into the more perilous work at the front, for which he was always longing.

"July 14 was an exceptionally fine day! ideal for our kind of work. We went up at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. There were eight of us, all, at that time, lieutenants—Curtis, of Rochester, N. Y.; Sewall, of Bath, Me.; Mitchell, of Manchester, Mass.; Buford, of Nashville, Tenn., Roosevelt, Hamilton, Montague and I. As was customary, we chatted together before we went up, and of course planned what we were going to do. It was arranged that Lieutenant Hamilton was

to lead, and in case of any hitch to his motor, Lieutenant Curtis was to take his place in the van.

"There was a rather stiff wind blowing in the direction of the German lines, and when we reached an altitude of about 10,000 feet we began to be carried with great rapidity toward them. We had not yet sighted any enemy airplanes after we had been aloft an hour. Hamilton's motor went wrong about that time and he had to glide back home. In a few minutes he was followed by Montague, whose motor also had gone back on him.

"Half an hour after this, when we were five miles inside the German lines, we saw six of their Fokker planes coming toward us. They had been concealed until then by clouds between them and us, they flying on the under side of the clouds. Our planes were of the Nieuport type, of the lightest pursuing kind, and in almost every respect like the type the Germans approaching us were using.

"From the moment that I singled out the enemy whom I was to engage in duel I naturally lost sight of everything else and kept my eyes pretty well glued upon him alone. Now and then, of course, I would, when I got a chance, look backward, too. For one can never tell but that another enemy plane, having disposed of its opponent, may pay his respects to another one.

"After I had fired every round of ammunition, which seemed to be about the same time as my adversary discovered himself to be in the same plight, we drew away from each other and flew toward our respective bases. During our duel my airplane had become separated from the others of our unit and I could see no trace of them. I assumed, however, that they were either

still fighting or had also finished and were on their way back home. Somehow I did not think of the third alternative, namely, that anything serious had happened to any of them.

"Buford and I reached our airdrome about the same time. Except for Quentin Roosevelt, the others had been there for some time ahead of us. We were not alarmed about Quentin at the moment. But when hours went by and he failed to return we knew that something had gone wrong with him. Still, we did not think he had been killed.

"We were encouraged to hope for the best by the fact that Quentin had remained out a considerable time longer than the rest of us three days before. On that occasion, he had become separated from the squad, I don't know in what way, and when we saw him again he jumped out of his airplane in great excitement and so radiant with elation and with so broad a smile that his teeth showed exactly in the same famous way as his father's used to do. He never reminded us so much of his father as on that occasion.

"He told us that after losing track of us he sighted a group of airplanes which he believed to be ours and headed his airplane toward them. He was too cautious, however, to take anything for granted, and so in steering toward the group he kept himself in the rear of them and when he got closer he discovered that they had the cross of the Germans painted on them.

"His first impulse was to get away as fast as possible; but then the hero in him spoke up and he decided to avail himself of the chance to reduce the number of our enemies by at least one. And so, flying quite close to the last one of the airplanes, he fired quickly

and with such good aim that the plane immediately went down, spinning around, with its nose pointed to the ground.

"'I guess I got that one all right,' he said; but he did not wait to see what the final outcome might be, for aviators are full of tricks, and, by feigning disaster to their own machines, often succeeded in drawing an overconfident enemy to destruction. Quentin knew this; and moreover he had another big contract on his hands, namely, to get away from the associates of the man whom he had attacked. They all turned upon him, firing from a dozen machine guns; but in firing his own gun he had wheeled about at the same instant, and in that way had a big handicap over the pursuers. He kept far enough in advance of them to get back within the American lines before they were able to lessen the distance sufficiently to make their shells effective. The rate of speed, by the way, was 140 miles an hour.

"Despite his excitement and the really exceptional achievement, Quentin modestly refrained from declaring positively that he had bagged his man. It was only afterward, when we learned through an artillery observation balloon that the airplane brought down by Quentin had been seen to strike the earth with a crash, that he himself felt satisfied that he was entitled to be regarded the victor. This was the occasion which brought him the Croix de Guerre."

"After the armistice was signed," said Captain McLanahan, "we saw the aviator who had killed Quentin. He was a non-commissioned officer and one of the most expert fliers in the enemy's air service. After the

armistice he was acting as an inspector in the surrender of German airplanes to the Allies.

"This man said that when he learned that the officer whom he had brought down belonging to so prominent a family in America he felt sorry.

"He was identified by a metal identification plate fastened by a little chain to his wrist,' said the German, 'and I was then told of the young man's prominence and his own personal popularity. Of course, even if I had known during the battle who he was, I would not have hesitated to try my best to down him; because if I hadn't he surely would have downed me.

"He made a gallant fight, although I recognized almost from the beginning of our duel that he was not as experienced as some others I had encountered and won out against.

"As it was he dipped and circled and looped and tried in a variety of ways to get above and behind me. It was not at all an easy task for me to get the upper hand and down him.'"

In Belgium there is a section which the "Tommies" named "Plug Street." The graves of ten thousand soldiers fill a ravine there. Above this crude burying-ground a painted sign has been nailed. Bullets and shrapnel have battered it, but these words can be traced:

"They Gave Their Today for Your Tomorrow."

Thus it was with Quentin Roosevelt; thus it was with all of our soldiers who fell along the frontiers of liberty. Will the boys of today remember their debt to these men, and make themselves worthy of the sacrifice made for them?

THE COLONEL PASSES

The father did not live long after the death of Quentin. He passed away on January 6, 1919. His personal attendant, James Lee, sat at his bedside. To him the Colonel spoke his last words:

"Put out the light, please."

He was buried at a spot which he himself had selected as his resting place. It lies on a hillside, at the bottom of which flow the blue waters of Long Island Sound. Across familiar woods rises his beloved cottage on Sagamore Hill. The wild flowers Roosevelt loved have sprung up to beautify his grave.

Fitting tributes were paid to him by his country and by the world. Flags flew at half-mast. Official salutes were fired by the American armies at home and abroad. Kings and Presidents cabled their tributes to him and their sympathy with his family. A touching tribute was the sending of an order by the national headquarters of the American Boy Scouts to its scouts, that each troop should plant one or more trees with appropriate ceremonies, in memory of the ex-President, as a "permanent expression of all Colonel Roosevelt stood for to the boys of the nation."

Because of the plain grave in the simple cemetery, Oyster Bay has become a national shrine. Thousands of pilgrims come to the Colonel's resting-place every year. They come to do honor to his dust; they know that his brave soul is living and abroad in the land.

THE END





